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Poetry.

THE EASTER GUEST.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Lord Divine!
I felt in the sunlight a softened shine;
A murmur of welcome I thought I heard
In the ripple of brook and the chirp of bird;
And the tarrying bud and the springing grass
Seemed to be waiting to see Thee pass;
And the sky and the sea and the throbbing sod
Pulsed and thrilled at the touch of God!

I knew Thou wert coming, O Lord Divine!
I saw after the world's heart up in thine,
Through the wonds of the rock-riven cave
Where, ever since, living, Thy life might save;
And now wayward, I would not see
Aught worthy to dwell with me, e'en my
Heart, unburdened with care and
sin,
Had to fair chambers to take Thee in.

Not one clean spot for Thy foot to tread,
Not one pure pillow to rest Thy head.
There was nothing to offer—no bread, no wine,
No oil of joy in this heart of mine;
And not the Hem of Thy King to fall
Hymned for Thyself one sin, dark pall;
And I crept to the spot, by Thy smile made
sweet,
And my tears sprang, ready to wash Thy feet.

Now let me come nearer, O Christ Divine!
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit tent for willing, sweet feet for Thee!
Bear, if Thou will, a Throne in my breast;
Reign! I will worship and serve my guest.
Abide Thou in me, if in Thee I abide,
What need shall there be to the Easter-tide?
—*Independent.*

Our Story Teller.

RISEN FROM THE GRAVE;

—OR—

THE DEAD ALIVE.

A Startling Story of the Franco-Prussian War.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

CHAPTER I.

THE COTTAGE ON THE FRONTIER.

The place is France.

The time is autumn, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy—the year of the war between France and Germany.

The persons are, Captain Arnault, of the French army; Surgeon Surville, of the French ambulance; Surgeon Wetzel, of the German army; Mercy Merrick, attached as nurse to the French ambulance; and Grace Roseberry, a traveling lady on her way to England.

It was a dark night. The rain was pouring in torrents.

Late in the evening a skirmishing party of the Germans had met, by accident, near the little village of Lagrange, close to the German frontier, in the struggle that followed the French had (for once) got the better of the enemy. For the time, at least, a few hundreds out of the host of the invaders had been forced back over the frontier. It was a trifling affair, occurring not long after the great German victory of Weissenbourg, and the newspapers took little or no notice of it.

Captain Arnault, commanding on the French side, was quartered in one of the cottages in the village, inhabited by the miller of the district. The captain was reading, by the light of a solitary tallow candle, some intercepted dispatches taken from the Germans. He had suffered the wood fire, scattered over the large open grate, to burn low; the red embers only faintly illuminated a part of the room. On the floor behind him lay some of the miller's empty sacks. In a corner opposite to him was the miller's scold wannot see him. On the walls all round him were the miller's colored prints, representing a happy mixture of devotional and domestic subjects. A door of communication leading into the kitchen of the cottage had been torn from its hinges, and used to carry the men wounded in the skirmish from the field. They were now comfortably laid at rest in the kitchen, under the care of the French surgeon and the English nurse attached to the ambulance. A piece of coarse canvas screened the opening between the two rooms in place of the door. A second door, leading from the bed-chamber into the yard, was locked; and the wooden shutter protecting the one window of the room was carefully barred. Sentinels, doubled in number, were placed at all the outposts. The French commander had neglected no precaution which could reasonably insure for himself and for his men a quiet and comfortable night.

Still absorbed in his perusal of the dispatches, and now and then making notes of what he read by the help of writing materials at his side, Captain Arnault was interrupted by the appearance of an intruder in the room. Surgeon Surville entering from the kitchen, drew aside the coarse screen, and approached the little round table at which his superior officer was sitting.

"What is it?" said the captain, sharply.

"A question to ask," replied the surgeon. "Are we safe for the night?"

"Why do you want to know?" inquired the captain, suspiciously.

The surgeon pointed to the kitchen, now the hospital devoted to the wounded men.

"The poor fellows are anxious about the next few hours," he replied. "They dread a surprise, and they ask me if there is any reasonable hope of their having one night's rest. What do you think of the chances?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders. The surgeon persisted. "Surely you ought to know," he said.

"I know that we are in possession of the village for the present," retorted Captain Arnault, "and I know no more. Here are the papers of the enemy." He held them up, and shook them impatiently as he spoke. "They give me information that I can rely on. For all I can tell to the contrary, the main body of the Germans, outnumbering us ten to one, may be nearer this cottage than the main body of the French. Draw your own conclusions. I have nothing more to say."

Having answered in those discouraging terms, Captain Arnault got on his feet, drew the hood of his great coat over his head, and lit a cigar at the candle.

"Where are you going?" asked the surgeon.

"To visit the outposts."

"Do you want this room for a little while?"

"Not for some hours to come. Are you thinking of moving any of your wounded men in here?"

"I was thinking of the English lady," answered the surgeon. "The kitchen is not quite the place for her. She would be more comfortable here; and the English nurse might keep her company."

Captain Arnault smiled, not very pleasantly. "They are two fine women, by the way," he said, "and Surgeon Surville is a ladies' man. Let them come in, if they are really anxious to trust themselves near me." He checked himself on the point of going out, and looked back distrustfully at the lighted candle. "Caution the women," he said, "to limit the exercise of their curiosity to the inside of this room."

"What do you mean?"

The captain's forefinger pointed significantly to the closed window-shutter.

"Did you ever know a woman who could resist looking out of a window?" he asked. "Dark as it is, sooner or later these ladies of yours will feel tempted to open that shutter. Tell them I don't want the light of the candle to betray my headquarters to the German scouts. How is the weather? Still raining?"

"Pouring."

"So much the better. The Germans won't see us." With that consolatory remark he unlocked the door leading into the yard, and walked out.

The surgeon lifted the canvas screen and called into the kitchen:

"Miss Merrick, have you time to take a little rest?"

"Plenty of time," answered a soft voice with an underlying melancholy in it, faintly distinguishable though it had only spoken three words.

"Come in, then," continued the surgeon, "and bring the English lady with you. Here is a quiet room all to yourselves."

He held back the canvas, and the two women appeared.

The nurse led the way—tall, lithe, and graceful—attired in her uniform dress of neat black stuff with plain linen collar and cuffs, and with the scarlet cross of the Geneva Convention embroidered on her left shoulder. Pale and sad, her expression and manner both eloquently suggestive of suppressed suffering and sorrow, there was an innate nobility in the carriage of this woman's head, an innate grandeur in the gaze of her large gray eyes, and in the lines of her finely proportioned face, which made her irresistibly striking and beautiful, seen under any circumstances and clad in any dress. Her companion, darker in complexion and smaller in stature, possessed attractions which were quite marked enough to account for the surgeon's polite anxiety to shelter her in the captain's room. The common consent of mankind would have declared her to be an unusually pretty woman. She wore the large gray cloak that covered her from head to foot with a grace that lent its own attractions to a plain and even a shabby article of dress. The languor in her movements, and the uncertainty of tone in her voice as she thanked the surgeon, suggested that she was suffering from fatigue. Her dark eyes searched the dimly-lighted room timidly, and she held fast by the nurse's arm with the air of a woman whose nerves had been severely shaken by some recent alarm.

"You have one thing to remember, ladies," said the surgeon. "Beware of opening the shutter, for fear of the light being seen through the window. For the rest, we are free to make ourselves as comfortable here as we can. Compose yourself, dear madam, and rely on the protection of a Frenchman who is devoted to you!" He gallantly emphasized the last words by raising the hand of the English lady to his lips. At the moment when he kissed it the canvas screen was again drawn aside. A person in the service of the ambulance appeared, announcing that a bandage had slipped, and that one of the wounded men was in all appearance bleeding to death. The surgeon, submitting to destiny with the worst possible grace, dropped the charming Englishwoman's hand, and returned to his duties in the kitchen. The two ladies were left together in the room.

"Will you take a chair, madam?" asked the nurse.

"Don't call me 'madam,'" returned the young lady, coldly. "My name is Grace Roseberry. What is your name?"

The nurse hesitated. "Not a pretty name like yours," she said, and hesitated again. "Call me Mercy Merrick," she added, after a moment's consideration.

Had she given an assumed name? Was there some unhappy celebrity attached to her own name? Miss Roseberry did not wait to ask herself those questions. "How can I thank you," she exclaimed, gratefully, "for your sisterly kindness to a stranger like me?"

"I have only done my duty," said Mercy Merrick, a little coldly. "Don't speak of it."

"I must speak of it. What a situation you found me in when the French soldiers had driven the Germans away! My traveling carriage stopped; the horses seized; myself in a strange country at night-fall, robbed of my money and my luggage, and drenched to the skin by the pouring rain! I am indebted to you for shelter in this place—I am wearing your clothes—I should have died of the fright and the exposure but for you. What return can I make for such services as these?"

Mercy placed a chair for her guest near the captain's table, and seated herself, at some little distance, on an old chest in a corner of the room. "May I ask you a question?" she said, abruptly.

"A hundred questions," cried Grace, if you like." She looked at the expiring fire, and at the dimly visible figure of her companion seated in the obscurest corner of the room. "That wretched candle hardly gives any light," she said, impatiently. "It won't last much longer. Can't we make the place more cheerful? Come out of your corner. Call for more wood and more lights."

Mercy remained in her corner and shook her head. "Candles and wood are scarce things here," she answered. "We must be patient, even if we are left in the dark. Tell me," she went on, raising her quiet voice a little, "how came you to risk crossing the country in war time?"

Grace's voice dropped when she answered the question. Grace's momentary gayety of manner suddenly left her. "I had urgent reasons," she said, "for returning to England."

"Alone?" rejoined the other. "Without any one to protect you?"

Grace's head sank on her bosom. "I have left my only protector—my father—in the English burial-ground at Rome," she answered, simply. "My mother died years since in Canada."

The shadowy figure of the nurse suddenly changed its position on the chest. She had started as the last word passed Miss Roseberry's lips. "Do you know Canada?" asked Grace.

"Well," was the brief answer—reluctantly given, short as it was.

"Were you ever near Port Logan?"

"I once lived within a few miles of Port Logan."

"When?"

"Some time since." With those words Mercy Merrick shrank back into her corner and changed the subject. "Your relatives in England must be very anxious about you," she said.

Grace sighed. "I have no relatives in England. You can hardly imagine a person more friendless than I am. We went away from Canada when my father's health failed, to try the climate of Italy, by a doctor's advice. His death has left me not only friendless, but poor." She paused, and took a leather letter case from the pocket of the large gray cloak which the nurse had lent her. "My prospects in life," she resumed, "are all contained in this little case. Here is the one treasure I contrived to conceal when I was robbed of my other things!"

Mercy could just see the letter-case as Grace held it up in the deepening obscurity of the room. "Have you got money in it?" she asked.

"No; only a few family papers, and a letter from my father, introducing me to an elderly lady in England—a connection of his by marriage, whom I have never seen. The lady has consented to receive me as her companion and reader. If I don't return to England soon, some other person may get the place."

"Have you no other resources?"

"None. My education has been neglected—we led a wild life in the far West. I am quite unfit to go out as a governess. I am absolutely dependent on this stranger, who receives me for my father's sake." She put the letter-case back in the pocket of her cloak, and ended her little narrative as unaffectedly as she had begun it. "Mine is a sad story, is it not?" she said.

The voice of the nurse answered her suddenly and bitterly in these strange words: "There are sadder stories than yours. There are thousands of miserable women who would ask for no greater blessing than to change places with You."

Grace started. "What can there possibly be to envy in such a lot as mine?"

"Your unblemished character and your prospect of being established honorably in a respectable house."

Grace turned in her chair, and looked wonderingly into the dim corner of the room. "How strange you say that!" she exclaimed. "There was no answer; the shadowy figure on the chest never moved. Grace moved impulsively, and drawing her chair a ter her, approached the nurse. "Is there some romance in your life?" she asked. "Why have you sacrificed yourself to the terrible duties which I find you performing here? You interest me indescribably. Give me your hand."

Mercy shrank back, and refused the offered hand. "Are we not friends?" Grace asked, in astonishment.

"We can never be friends."

"Why not?"

The nurse was dumb. Grace called to mind the hesitation that she had shown when she had mentioned her name, and drew a new conclusion from it. "Should I be guessing right," she asked, eagerly, "if I guessed you to be some great lady in disguise?"

Mercy laughed to herself, low and bitterly. "I a great lady!" she said, contemptuously. "For Heaven's sake, let us talk of something else!"

Grace's curiosity was thoroughly roused. She protested. "Once more," she whispered, persuasively. "Let us be friends." She gently laid her hand as she spoke on Mercy's shoulder. Mercy roughly shook it off. There was a rudeness in the action which would have offended the most patient woman living. Grace drew back indignantly. "Ah!" she cried, "you are cruel."

"I am kind," answered the nurse, speaking more sternly than ever.

"Is it kind to keep me at a distance? I have told you my story."

The nurse's voice rose excitedly. "Don't tempt me to speak out," she said; "you will regret it."

Grace declined to accept the warning. "I have placed confidence in you," she went on. "It is ungenerous to lay me under an obligation, and then to shut me out of your confidence in return."

"You *will* have it?" said Mercy Merrick. You *shall* have it! Sit down again." Grace's heart began to quicken its beat in expectation of the disclosure that was to come. She drew her chair closer to the chest on which the nurse was sitting. With a firm hand Mercy put the chair back to a distance from her. "Not so near me!" she said, harshly.

"Why not?"

"Not so near," repeated the sternly resolute voice. "Wait till you have heard what I have to say." Grace obeyed without a word more. There was a momentary silence. A faint flash of light leaped up from the expiring candle, and showed Mercy crouching on the chest, with her elbows on her knees, and her face hidden in her hands. The next instant the room was buried in obscurity. As the darkness fell on the two women, the nurse spoke.

CHAPTER II.

MAGDALEN—IN MODERN TIMES.

"When your mother was alive, were you ever out with her after nightfall in the streets of a great city?"

In those extraordinary terms Mercy Merrick opened the confidential interview which Grace Roseberry had forced on her. Grace answered, simply, "I don't understand you."

"I will put it in another way," said the nurse. Its unnatural hardness and sternness of tone passed away from her voice, and its naw gentleness and sadness returned, as she made that reply. "You read the newspapers like the rest of the world," she went on: "have you ever read of your unhappy fellow creatures (the starving outcasts of the population) whom Want has driven into Sin?"

Still wondering, Grace answered that she had read of such things often, in newspapers and in books.

"Have you heard—when those starving and sinning fellow-creatures happened to be women—of Refuges established to protect and reclaim them?"

The wonder in Grace's mind passed away, and a vague suspicion of something painful to come took its place. "These are extraordinary questions," she said nervously. "What do you mean?"

"Answer me," the nurse insisted. "Have you heard of the Refuges? Have you heard of the Women?"

"Yes."

"Move your chair a little further away from me." She paused. Her voice, without losing its steadiness, fell to its lowest tones. "I was once one of those women," she said, quietly.

Grace sprang to her feet with a faint cry. She stood petrified—incapable of uttering a word.

"I have been in a Refuge," pursued the sweet, sad voice of the other woman. "I have been in a Prison. Do you still wish to be my friend? Do you still insist of sitting close by me and taking my hand?" She waited for a reply, and no reply came. "You see you were wrong," she went on gently, "when you called me cruel—and I was right when I told you I was kind."

At that appeal Grace composed herself, and spoke. "I dont wish to offend you—" she began, confusedly. Mercy Merrick stopped her there.

"You don't offend me," she said, without the faintest note of displeasure in her tone. "I am accustomed to stand in the pillory of my own past life. I sometimes ask myself if it was all my fault. I sometimes wonder if Society had no duties toward me when I was a child selling matches in the street—when I was a hard-working girl fainting at my needle for want of food." Her voice faltered a little for the first time as it pronounced those words; she waited a moment, and recovered herself. "It's too late to dwell on these things now," she said, resignedly. "Society can subscribe to reclaim me; but Society can't take me back. You see me here in a place of trust—patiently, humbly, doing all the good I can. It doesn't matter! Here, or elsewhere, what I *am* can never alter what I was. For three years past all that a sincerely penitent woman can do I have done. It doesn't matter! Once let my past story be known, and the shadow of it covers me the kindest people shrink."

She waited again. Would a word of sympathy come to comfort her from the other woman's lips? No! Miss Roseberry was shocked: Miss Roseberry was confused. "I am very sorry for you," was all that Miss Roseberry could say.

"Every body is sorry for me," answered the nurse, as patiently as ever; "everybody is kind to me. But the lost place is not to be regained. I can't get back! I can't get back!" she cried, with a passionate outburst of despair—checked instantly the moment it had escaped her. "Shall I tell you what my experience has been?" she resumed. "Will you hear the story of Magdalen—in modern times?"

Grace drew back a step; Mercy instantly understood her.

"I am going to tell you nothing that you need shrink from hearing," she said. "A lady in your position would not understand the trials and the struggles that I have passed through. My story shall begin at the Refuge. The matron sent me out to service with the character that I had honestly earned—the character of a reclaimed woman. I justified the confidence placed in me; I was a faithful servant. One day my mistress sent for me—a kind mistress, if ever there was one yet. 'Mercy, I am sorry for you; it has come out that I took you from a Refuge; I shall lose every servant in the house; you must go.' I went back to the matron—another kind woman. She received me like a mother. 'We will try again, Mercy; don't be cast down.' I told you I had been in Canada."

Grace began to feel interested in spite of herself. She answered with something like warmth in her tone. She returned to her chair—placed at its safe and significant distance from the chest. The nurse went on.

"My next place was in Canada, with an officer's wife: gentlefolks who had emigrated. More kindness; and, this time, a pleasant, peaceful life for me. I said to myself, 'Is the lost place regained? *Have* I got back?' My mistress died. New people came into our neighborhood. There was a young lady among them—my master began to think of another wife. I have the misfortune (in my situation) to be what is called a handsome woman: I rouse the curiosity of strangers. The new people asked questions about me; my master's answers did not satisfy them. In a word, they found me out. The old story again! 'Mercy, I am very sorry; scandal is busy with you and with me; we are innocent, but there is no help for it—we must part.' I left the place; having gained one advantage during my stay in Canada, which I had of use to me here."

"What is it?"

"Our nearest neighbors were French Canadians. I learned to speak the French language."

"Did you return to London."

"Where else could I go, without a character?" said Mercy, sadly. "I went back again to the matron. Sickness had broken out in the Refuge. I made myself useful as a nurse. One of the doctors was struck with me—fell in love with me, as the phrase is. He would have married me. The nurse, as an honest woman, was bound to tell him the truth. He never appeared again. The old story! I began to weary of saying to myself, 'I can't get back! I can't get back!' Despair got hold of me, the despair that hardens the heart. I might have committed suicide; I might even have drifted back into my old life—but for one man."

At those last words her voice—quiet and even through the earlier parts of her sad story—began to falter once more. She stopped, following silently the memories and associations roused in her by what she had just said. Had she forgotten the presence of another person in the room? Grace's curiosity left Grace no resource but to say a word on her side.

"Who was the man?" she asked. "How did he befriend you?"

"Befriend me? He doesn't even know that such a person as I am in existence."

That strange answer, naturally enough, only strengthened the anxiety of Grace to hear more. "You said just now—" she began.

"I said just now that he saved me. He did save me; you shall hear how. One Sunday our regular clergyman at the Refuge was not able to officiate. His place was taken by a stranger, quite a young man. The matron told us the stranger's name was Julian Gray. I sat in the back row of seats, under the shadow of the gallery, where I could see him without his seeing me. His text was from the words, 'Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.' What happier woman might have thought of his sermon I cannot say; there was not a dry eye among us at the Refuge. As for me, he touched my heart as no man has touched it before or since. From that time I have accepted my hard lot. I have been a patient woman. I might have been something more, I might have been a happy woman, if I could have prevailed on myself to speak to Julian Gray."

"What hindered you from speaking to him?"

"I was afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of making my life harder still."

A woman who could have sympathized with her would perhaps have guessed what those words meant. Grace was simply embarrassed by her; and Grace failed to guess.

"I don't understand you," she said.

There was no alternative for Mercy but to own the truth in plain words. She sighed, and said the words: "I was afraid I might interest him in my sorrows, and might set my heart on him in return." The utter absence of any fellow-feeling with her in Grace's side expressed itself unconsciously in the plainest terms.

"You!" she exclaimed, in a tone of blank astonishment. The nurse rose slowly to her feet. Grace's expression of surprise told her plainly—almost brutally—that her confession had gone far enough.

"I astonish you?" she said. "My young lady, you don't know what rough usuage a woman's heart can bear, and still beat truly! Before I saw Julian Gray I only knew men as objects of horror to me. Let us drop the subject. The preacher at the Refuge is nothing but a remembrance now—the one welcome remembrance of my life! I have nothing more to tell you. You insisted on hearing my story—you have heard it."

"I have not heard how you found employment here," said Grace, continuing the conversation with uneasy politeness, as the best might.

Mercy crossed the room and slowly raked together the last living embers of the fire. "The matron has friends in France," she answered, "who are connected with the military hospitals. It was not difficult to get me the place under those circumstances. Society can find a use for me here. My hand is as light, my words of comfort are as welcome among those suffering wretches," (she pointed to the room in which the wounded men were lying) "as if I were the most reputable woman breathing. And if a stray shot comes my way before the war is over—well! Society will be rid of me on easy terms."

She stood looking thoughtfully into the wreck of the fire—as if she saw in it the wreck of her own life. Common humanity made it an act of necessity to say something to her. Grace considered—advanced a step toward her—stopped—and took refuge in the most trivial of all the common phrases which one human being can address to another.

"If there is anything I can do for you—" she began. The sentence, baiting there, was never finished. Miss Roseberry was just merciful enough toward the lost woman who had rescued and sheltered her to feel that it was needless to say more.

The nurse lifted her noble head and advanced slowly toward the canvas screen to return to her duties. Miss Roseberry might have taken my hand;" she thought to herself, bitterly. "No!" Miss Roseberry stood there at a distance at a loss what to say next. "What can you do for me?" Mercy asked, stung by the cold courtesy of her companion into a momentary outbreak of contempt. "Can you change my identity? Can you give me the name and the place of an innocent woman? If I only had your chance! If I only had your reputation and your prospects!" She laid one hand over her bosom, and controlled herself. "Stay here," she resumed, "while I go back to my work. I will see that your clothes are dried. You shall wear my clothes as short a time as possible."

With those melancholy words—touchingly, not bitterly spoken—she moved to pass into the kitchen, when she noticed that the pattering sound of the rain against the windows was audible no more. Dropping the canvas for the moment, she retraced her steps, and, unfastening the wooden shutter, looked out. The moon was rising dimly in the watery sky: the rain had ceased; the friendly darkness which had hidden the French position from the German scouts was lessening every moment. In a few hours more (if nothing happened) the English lady might resume her journey. In a few hours more the morning would dawn. Mercy lifted her hand close to the shutter. Before she could listen to the report of a rifle shot reached the cottage from one of the distant posts. It was followed almost instantly by a second report, nearer and louder than the first. Mercy paused, with the shutter in hand, and listened intently for the next sound.

CHAPTER III.

THE GERMAN SHELL.

A third rifle-shot rang through the night air, close to the cottage. Grace started and approached the window in alarm.

"What does that firing mean?" she asked.

"Signals from the outposts," the nurse quietly replied.

"Is there any danger? Have the Germans come back?"

Surgeon Surville answered the question. He lifted the canvas screen, and looked into the room as Miss Roseberry spoke. "The Germans are advancing on us," he said. "Their van-guard is in sight."

Grace sank on the chair near her, trembling from head to foot. Mercy advanced to the surgeon, and put the decisive question to him.

"Do we defend the position?" she inquired.

Surgeon Surville ominously shook his head.

"Impossible! We are outnumbered as usual—ten to one."

The shrill roll of the French drums was heard on side.

"There is the retreat sounded!" said the surgeon. "The captain is not a man to think twice about what he does. We are left to take care of ourselves. In five minutes we must be out of this place."

A volley of rifle shots rang out as he spoke. The German vanguard was attacking the French at the outposts. Grace caught the surgeon entreatingly by the arm. "Take me with you," she cried. "Oh, sir, I have suffered from the Germans already! Don't forsake me, if they come back!" The surgeon was equal to the occasion; he placed the hand of the pretty Englishwoman on his breast. "Fear nothing, madam," he said, looking as if he could have annihilated the whole German force with his own invincible arm. "A Frenchman's heart beats under your hand. A Frenchman's devotion protects you." Grace's head sank on his shoulder. Monsieur Surville felt that he had asserted himself; he looked round invitingly at Mercy. She, too, was an attractive woman. The Frenchman had another shoulder at *her* service. Unhappily the room was dark—the look was lost on Mercy. She was thinking of the helpless men in the inner chamber, and she quietly recalled the surgeon to a sense of his professional duties.

"What is to become of the sick and wounded?" she asked.

Monsieur Surville shrugged one shoulder—the shoulder that was free. "The strongest among them we can take away with us," he said. "The others must be left here. Fear nothing for yourself, dear lady. There will be a place for you in the baggage wagon."

"And for me, too?" Grace pleaded, eagerly.

"The surgeon's invincible arm stole round the young lady's waist, and she vered mutely with a squeeze.

"Take her with you," said Mercy. "My place is with the men you leave behind."

Grace listened in amazement. "Think what you risk," she said, "if you stop here."

Mercy pointed to her left shoulder.

"Don't alarm yourself on my account," she answered: "the red cross will protect me."

Another roll of the drum warned the susceptible surgeon to take his place as Director General of the ambulance without any further delay. He conducted Grace to a chair, and placed both her hands on his heart this time, to reconcile her to the misfortune of his absence. "Wait here till I return for you," he whispered. "Fear nothing, my charming friend. Say to yourself, 'Surville is the soul of honor!' Surville is devoted to me!" He struck his breast; he again forgot the obscurity in the room, and cast one look of unutterable homage at his charming friend. "*A bientot!*" he cried, and kissed his hand and disappeared.

As the canvass screen fell over him the sharp report of the rifle-firing was suddenly and grandly dominated by the roar of cannon. The instant after a shell exploded in the garden outside, within a few yards of the window.

Grace sank on her knees with a shriek of terror. Mercy, without losing her self-possession, advanced to the window and looked out.

"The moon has risen," she said. "The Germans are shelling the village."

Grace rose, and ran to her for protection.

"Take me away!" she cried. "We shall be killed if we stay here." She stopped, looking in astonishment at the tall black figure of the nurse, standing immovable at the window. "Are you made of iron?" she exclaimed. "Will nothing frighten you?"

Mercy smiled sadly. "Why should I be afraid of losing my life?" she answered. "I have nothing worth living for!"

The roar of the cannon shook the cottage for the second time. A second shell exploded in the court yard, on the opposite side of the building. Bewildered by the noise, panic stricken as the danger from the shells threatened the cottage more and more nearly, Grace threw her arms round the nurse, and clung, in the abject familiarity of terror, to the woman whose hand she had shrunk from touching not five minutes since. "Where is the safest?" she cried. "Where can I hide myself?"

"How can I tell where the next shell will fall?" Mercy answered, quietly.

The steady composure of the one woman seem to moulden the other. Releasing the nurse, Grace looked wildly round for way of escape from the cottage. Making first for the kitchen, she was driven back by the clamor and confusion attending the removal of those among the wounded who were strong enough to be placed in the wagon. A second look round showed her the door leading into the yard. She rushed to it with a cry of relief. She had just laid her hand on the lock when the third report of cannon burst over the place.

Starting back a step, Grace lifted her hands mechanically to her ears. At the same moment the third shell broke the roof of the cottage, and exploded in the room, just inside the door. Mercy sprang forward, unhurt, from her place at the window. The burning fragments of the shell were already firing the dry wooden floor, and in the midst of them, dimly seen through the smoke, lay the insensible body of her companion in the room. Even that dreadful moment the nurse's presence of mind did not fail her. Hurrying back to the place that she had just left, near which she had already noticed the miller's empty sacks lying in a heap, she seized two or them, and throwing them on the smouldering floor, trampled out the fire. That done, she knelt by the senseless woman, and lifted her head.

Was she wounded? or dead? Mercy raised one helpless hand, and laid her fingers on the wrist. While she was still vainly trying to feel for the beating of the pulse, Surgeon Surville (alarmed for the ladies) hurried in to inquire if any harm had been done.

Mercy called to him to approach. "I am afraid the shell has struck her," she said, yielding her place to him. "See if she is badly hurt." The surgeon's anxiety expressed itself briefly in an oath, with a prodigious emphasis laid on one of the letters in it—the letter R. "Take off her cloak," he cried, raising his head to her neck. "Poor angel! She has turned in sailing; the string is twisted round her throat."

Mercy removed the cloak. It dropped on the floor as the surgeon lifted Grace in his arms. "Get a candle," he said, impatiently; "they will give you one in the kitchen." He tried to feel the pulse; his hand trembled, the noise and confusion in the kitchen bewildered him. "Just heaven!" he exclaimed. "My emotions overpower me!" Mercy approached him with a candle. The light disclosed the frightful injury which a fragment of the shell had inflicted on the Englishwoman's head. Surgeon Surville's manner altered on the instant. The expression of anxiety left his face; its professional composure covered it suddenly like a mask. What was the object of his admiration now? An inert burden in his arms—nothing more.

The change in his face was not lost on Mercy. Her large gray eyes watched him attentively. "Is the lady seriously wounded?" she added.

"Don't trouble yourself to hold the light any longer," was the cool reply. "It's a lover—I can do nothing for her."

"Dead?"

Surgeon Surville nodded, and shook his fist in the direction of the outposts. "Accursed Germans!" he cried, and looked down at the dead face on his arm, and shrugged his shoulders resignedly. "The fortune of war!" he said, as he lifted the body and placed it on the bed in one corner of the room.

Next time, nurse, it may be you or me. Who knows? Bah! the problem of human destiny disgusts me." He turned from the bed, and illustrated his disgust by spitting on the fragments of the exploded shell. "We must leave her there," he resumed. "She was once a charming person—she is nothing now. Come away, Miss Mercy, before it is too late."

He offered his arm to the nurse; the creaking of the baggage wagon, starting on its journey, was heard outside, and the shrill roll of the drums was renewed in the distance. The retreat had begun.

Mercy drew aside the canvas, and saw the badly wounded men left helpless at the mercy of the enemy, on their straw beds. She refused the offer of Monsieur Surville arm.

"I have already told you that I shall stay here," she answered.

Monsieur Surville lifted his hands in polite remonstrance. Mercy held back the curtain, and pointed to the cottage door.

"Go," she said. "My mind is made up."

Even at that final moment the Frenchman asserted himself. He made his exit with unimpaired grace and dignity.

"Mesame," he said, "you are sublime!" With that parting compliment the man of gallantry—true to the last to his admiration of the sex—bowed, with his hand on his heart, and left the cottage. Mercy dropped the canvas over the doorway. She was alone with the dead woman.

The last tramp of footsteps, the last rumbling of the wagon wheels, died away in the distance. No renewal of firing from the position occupied by the enemy disturbed the silence that followed. The Germans knew that the French were in retreat. A few minutes more and they would take possession of the abandoned village: the tumult of their approach would become audible at the cottage. In the meantime the stillness was terrible. Even the wounded wretches who were left in the kitchen waited their fate in silence. Alone in the room, Mercy's first look was directed to the bed.

The two women had met in the confusion of the first skirmish at the close of twilight. Separated, on their arrival at the cottage, by the duties required of the nurse, they had only met again in the Captain's room. The acquaintance between them had been a short one; and it had given no promise of ripening into friendship. But the fatal accident had aroused Mercy's interest in the stranger. She took the candle, and approached the corpse of the woman who had been literally killed at her side.

She stood by the bed, looking down in the silence of the night at the stillness of the dead face.

It was a striking face—once seen in life or in death not to be forgotten afterward. The forehead was unusually low and broad; the eyes unusually far apart; the mouth and chin remarkably small. With tender hands Mercy smoothed the disheveled hair and arranged the crumpled dress. "Not five minutes since," she thought to herself, "I was longing to change places with you!" She turned from the bed with a sigh. "I wish I could change places now!" The silence began to oppress her. She walked slowly to the other end of the room.

The cloak on the floor—her own cloak, which she had lent to Miss Roseberry—attracted her attention as she passed it. She picked it up and brushed the dust from it, and laid it across a chair. This done, she put the light back on the table, and going to the window, listened for the first sounds of the German advance. The faint passage of the wind through some trees near at hand was the only sound that caught her ears. She turned from the window, and seated herself at the table, thinking. Was there any duty still left undone that Christian charity owed to the dead? Was there any nurse-service that pressed for performance in the interval before the Germans appeared?

Mercy recalled the conversation that had passed between her ill-fated companion and herself. Miss Roseberry had spoken of her object in returning to England. She had mentioned a lady—a connection by marriage, to whom she was personally a stranger—who was waiting to receive her. Someone could be obtained to tell how the poor creature had met with her death ought to write to her only friend. Who was to do it? There was nobody to do it but the one witness of the catastrophe now left in the cottage—Mercy herself.

She lifted the cloak from the chair on which she had placed it, and took from the pocket the leather letter case which Grace had shown to her. The only way of discovering the address to write to in England was to open the case and examine the papers inside. Mercy opened the case—and stopped, feeling a strange reluctance to carry the investigation any further. A moment's consideration satisfied her that her scruples were misplaced. If she respected the case as inviolable, the Germans would certainly not hesitate to examine it, and the Germans would hardly trouble themselves to write to England. Which were the fittest eyes to inspect the papers of the deceased lady—the eyes of men and foreigners, or the eyes of her own country-woman? Mercy's hesitation left her. She emptied the contents of the case on the table.

That trifling action decided the whole future course of her life.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEMPTATION.

Some letters, tied together with a ribbon, attracted Mercy's attention first. The ink in which the addresses were written had faded with age. The letters, directed alternately to Colonel Roseberry and to the Honorable Mrs. Roseberry, contained a correspondence between the husband and wife at a time when the Colonel's military duties had obliged him to be absent from home. Mercy tied the letters up again, and passed on to the papers that lay next in order under her hand.

These consisted of a few leaves pinned together, and headed (in a woman's hand-writing) "My Journal at Rome." A brief examination showed that the journal had been written by Miss Roseberry, and that it was mainly devoted to a record of the last days of her father's life.

After replacing the journal and the correspondence in the case, the one paper left on the table was the envelope, in which the letter was inclosed, bore this address: "Lady Janet Roy, Mablethorpe House, Kensington, London." Mercy took the inclosure from the open envelope. The first lines she read informed her that she had found the Colonel's letter of introduction, presenting his daughter to her protectress on her arrival in England.

Mercy read the letter through. It was described by the writer as the last effort of a dying man. Col. Roseberry wrote affectionately of his daughter's merits, and regretfully of her neglected education—ascribing the latter to the pecuniary losses which had forced him to emigrate to Canada in the character of a poor man. Fervent expressions of gratitude followed, addressed to Lady Janet. "I owe it to you," the letter concluded, "that I am dying with my mind at ease about the future of my darling girl. To your generous protection I commit the one treasure I have left to me on earth. Through your long lifetime you have nobly used your high rank and your great fortune as a means of doing good. I believe it will not be counted among the least of your virtues hereafter that you comforted the last hours of an old soldier by opening your heart and your home to his friendless child."

So the letter ended. Mercy laid it down with a heavy heart. What a chance the poor girl lost! A woman of rank and fortune waiting to receive her—a woman so merciful and so generous that the father's mind had been easy about the daughter on his death bed—and there the daughter lay beyond the reach of Lady Janet's kindness, beyond the reach of Lady Janet's help! The French Captain's writing materials were left on the table. Mercy turned the letter over so that she might write the news of Miss Roseberry's death on the blank page at the end. She was still considering what expression she should use, when the sound of complaining voices from the next room caught her ear. The wounded men left behind were moaning for help—the deserted soldiers were losing their fortitude at last.

She entered the kitchen. A cry of delight welcomed her appearance—the mere sight of her composed the men. From one straw bed to another she passed with comforting words that gave them hope, with skilled and tender hands that soothed their pain. They kissed the hem of her black dress, they called her their guardian angel, as the beautiful creature moved among them, and bent over their hard pillows her gentle compassionate face. "I will be with you when the Germans come," she said, as she left them to return to her unwritten letter. "Courage, my poor fellows! you are not deserted by your nurse."

"Courage, madam!" the men replied; "and God bless you!"

If the firing had been resumed at that moment—if a shell had struck her dead in the act of succoring the afflicted, what Christian judgment would have hesitated to declare that there was a place or her in heaven? But if the war ended and left her still living, where where was the place for her on earth? Where were her prospects? Where was her home? She returned to the letter. Inside it, however, of sealing herself to write, she stood by the table, absently looking down at the morsel of paper.

A strange fancy had sprung to life in her mind on re entering the room; she herself smiled faintly at the extravagance of it. What if she were to ask Lady Janet Roy to let her supply Miss Roseberry's place? She had met with Miss Roseberry under critical circumstances, and she had done for her all that one woman could do help another. There was in this circumstance some little claim to notice, perhaps, if Lady Janet had no other companion and reader in view. Suppose she ventured to plead her own cause—what would the noble and merciful lady do? She would write back and say, "Send me references to your character, and I will see what can be done." Her character! Her references! Mercy laughed bitterly and sat down to write in the fewest words all that was needed from her—a plain statement of the facts.

No! Not a line could she put on the paper. That fancy of hers was not to be dismissed at will. Her mind was perversely busy now with an imaginative picture of the beauty of Mablethorpe House and the comfort and elegance of the life that was led there. Once more she thought of the chance which Miss Roseberry had lost. Unhappy creature! what a home would have been open to her if the shell had only fallen on the side of the window, instead of on the side of the yard! Mercy pushed the letter away from her, and walked impatiently to and fro in the room.

The perversity in her thoughts was not to be mastered in that way. Her mind only abandoned one useless train of reflection to occupy itself with another. She was now looking by anticipation at her own future. What were her prospects in the lived through it) when the war was over? The old question of the past, illuminated with pitiless fidelity, like dreary scene. Go where she might, do what she might, it would end always in the same way. Curiosity and admiration excited by her beauty; in

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1879

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As is the invariable custom to all newspaper offices, a subscription year is reckoned as FIFTY TWO WEEKS.

THE Republicans of Indiana answer the Rebel Brigadiers.

GEN. J. S. ROBINSON figures out 25,000 Republican majority in Ohio this Fall.

PNEUMONIA is ravaging Leadville. No health notices are permitted for fear of frightening new comers.

PERHAPS PETER COOPER would kindly send on his air cushion to help break the drop of the Democratic Salosser.

NEW ORLEANS *Picayune*: An amateur singer frightened a pair of canary birds to death. It was a case of killing two birds with one's tone.

A DEMOCRATIC Congressman has recovered his breath sufficiently to say that the veto message "is weak," but not enough to skewer it.

GEN. GARFIELD is mentioned as the probable successor of SEC. SHERMAN, in the event the latter becoming a candidate for Governor of Ohio.

THERE are still plenty of survivors of the Union regiment Gen. LOGAN led to the field. It is singular that none of the three Rebel regiments can be found.

CLEVELAND *Herald*: It is good to observe that the Democratic party is giving evidence that it knows enough, in a foggy, stupid kind of a way, to come in when it rains.

POOR CANADA! Some of her people have been bitten by the Greenback maggot, and now the epidemic will rage throughout the land. Just as we are getting well over it, too.

NAPOLEON IV. has, so far, not hastened to renew his baptism of fire at the hands of the Zulus. There is no kind papa near to look out that the baptismal font does not get too hot.

WITH GOULD at the head of a transcontinental line, SCOTT will feel called upon to hurry to the Pacific coast, and VANDERBILT will probably develop a sudden interest in pushing the completion of the Northern Pacific.

COL. J. M. KEATING, of the Memphis *Appeal*, says that BAYARD stands first in the South, as a Presidential candidate; VOORHEES next. Then THURMAN, HENDRICKS, RANDALL, and perhaps Gen. HANCOCK, if GRANT is nominated.

It can not be that all of those three regiments Gen. LOGAN sent into the Confederate Army are dead, and Mr. LOWE cannot find a single one to substantiate his story. How gallantly they must have fought, to incur such annihilation!

ROUMANIA is not in a comfortable position, and now that the scheme for a joint occupation of this Province has failed, civil war seems imminent, and unless something intervenes, will, doubtless, follow the withdrawal of the Russian army. The Russian agents have been hard at work fomenting disturbances, and trying to create a rebellious feeling against Turkish occupancy, and they have succeeded admirably.

IN a very sensible article on the causes of the negro exodus the NEW ORLEANS *Times* (Dem.) says that the truth compels it to admit that there is cause for the apprehensions which the colored people entertain as to the danger of being deprived of their civil and political rights, and for their belief that they cannot have justice. It further says that after making all allowance for exaggerated reports of politicians, "the fact remains that the threatened emigration of the negros is to be traced to the conduct of a class of young politicians who seem to emulate the name of bulldozers." The *Times* calls upon planters and men substance to organize in every parish to protect and aid their laborers. This is the right kind of talk.

THE planters of the Lower Mississippi could not stay "good." It really seemed that common sense and justice was about to govern them when they called the convention to deliberate over the negro exodus, and asked prominent blacks to join them. They, even acknowledged that the emigration movement was caused by the treatment the negros had received, and the latter were convinced that the good time for them was coming. The spasm of justice is over, as a card recently issued shows. In it they declare that the planters ought not to make any concessions, but direct their efforts to reform in the opposite direction, by which they mean that the "hired laborers" should be compelled to remain in their present condition of serfdom, without any chance of present or future advancement.

THE OLD ISSUE IN THE NEW GUISE.

Seek to disguise it as they may, the real question just forced upon the country by the Confederates who rule Congress and the Democratic party, is the same in principle as that which by rebellion they submitted to the arbitrament of arms in 1861. It is the old issue of State Sovereignty vs. Nationality—with the Southern Democratic leaders now, as before, contending for the assumption that the United States consists of a confederation of independent sovereignties, associated for specific and limited purposes; while the Republicans insist that the Union is a Nation to whose Government the people owe paramount allegiance, and on which they rely chiefly for protection and prosperity. The one side insist that the first obligation is to the State, and the other to the United States. It was this division, which made up the issue on which the four years of civil war was waged, and which was for a time supposed to have been settled by the result of that war. But this flattering assumption was soon compelled to yield to a more correct understanding of the case, and the "lost cause" of 1865 was not long in again becoming the living issue between the two sections.

The exciting and persistent contest which has occupied the time of Congress for three months past; which led to the extra session; and which provoked a disagreement between that body and the Executive, had its origin solely in the revival of the old claim of State sovereignty by the representatives of the South. The particular occasion for the present claim, was the demand by that section for the repeal of all laws by which the Federal Government sought to protect the freedom and purity of elections held for the choice of members of Congress and Presidential Electors. These laws were enacted on the assumption that these were not State, but Federal elections, and being such, were properly within the direction and care of the United States. This view was opposed by the State Rights advocates, who held not only that the elections referred to were exclusively under State control, but that the United States had no authority under the Constitution for interfering with *any* elections held within the States. A large number of Democrats, North and South, undertook to sustain this view. Among these was Hon. FRANK H. HURD, from this District, who, in a speech of April 23, stated the case thus:

"The House was right in insisting that these objectionable measures should be repealed—first, because they were unconstitutional: they interfered with the right of suffrage and with the State laws. There was *no such thing as the right of suffrage for a citizen of the United States.* No such rights exists under the Constitution, and therefore it was inevitable and irresistible, that *any legislation on the subject was unconstitutional.*"

Such is the ground on which the Confederates in Congress are now seeking to uncover the ballot-box to violence and fraud, the means to Democratic success which have been made so safe under "the State laws," to the sole care of which Mr. HURD would limit the elective franchise. That gentleman's statement of the case has been accepted as correct by his party in and outside of Congress.

If it be true, that "there is no such thing as the right of suffrage for a citizen of the United States," so positively asserted by Mr. HURD, perhaps that gentleman may be able to inform us how he came to be elected to Congress. By what right and under what authority, were votes cast for him? Not by the laws of Ohio, certainly, for the State cannot provide for representation in Congress, except under the Constitution of the United States and the laws of Congress. This point may be readily tested, by assuming that such Constitutional provision and such laws have been repealed. What, then, would become of the "right of suffrage" in the choice of Congressmen? Would Mr. HURD be a candidate for re-election, all the same? Hardly. And so, in the choice of Electors of President and Vice-President—there is no authority therefor, outside the constitution of the United States and the acts of Congress. And why? Because these are National, and not State officers—chosen for National, and not State purposes. Suppose, again, that Postmasters should be made elective by the people of the several localities, and it should be provided that such citizens as were authorized to vote for Township Trustees, should vote for Postmasters, would Mr. HURD, in such case hold that there was "no such thing as the right of suffrage" under the authority of the United States, and that it would be "unconstitutional" for Congress to guarantee and provide for a full and fair election of Postmasters? We think not. And yet, he could do so with as much justice as he now denies the right of Congress to guard the election of members of its own body and of Presidential Electors.

The opposite position, and the only one consistent with the existence of a Nation, was most clearly presented by Mr. ROBESON, of New Jersey, in speeches delivered on the 5th and 23d of April. He sat out with the declaration, that "Wherever the United States has guaranteed a right—wherever right comes by the Constitution and is guaranteed by it—there the United States has a right, and must have a right, to enforce and carry out that power." Applying this principle to the case in hand, Mr. ROBESON said in the first speech referred to:

"The Constitution had guaranteed to every man who has a right to vote for a member of the most numerous branch of a State Legislature, that he *shall vote* at a peaceable election for *members of Congress.* The United States does not confer the right of suffrage on these individuals, but it *adopts* to *its* suffrage, by description, the class that have already the right of suffrage given to them by the States. It makes them *its* voters, for the election of its officers, and thus is bound to guarantee to them a free and fair election."

Such is the guarantee by the Constitution of the United States. Mr. ROBESON very pertinently asks, "What is the guarantee of the United States worth, if it is not clothed with the power to carry it out?" To this, it might properly be replied, that the constitutional guarantee of a free and fair election for members of Congress, is worth as much in the presence of the Red Shirts, Rifle Clubs and tissue ballots by which Congress is now filled with Confederate Brigadiers, as formerly was the like guarantee that the citizen of one State should be entitled to all the rights and immunities of citizens of the several States—and no more. As then, citizens of the North were seized and imprisoned for the exercise of constitutional rights in the South, so now, are citizens of the South intimidated and murdered, because they demand a free passage to the ballot-box where members of Congress are to be chosen. The facts—and history fully sustains the assertion—that for more than 40 years past, the guarantees of the Constitution have been in the South little better than so many shams and cheats—with just enough of promise to induce reliance, but without the vitality to secure fulfillment—with plausibility enough to lead the unwary into trouble, but with no ability to deliver therefrom. So is it now. A citizen is fully as safe, and no safer, in the expression of his choice of President or Congressman in the South, against the will of the white population, than he was 20 years ago).

In this connection, the opinion of the Chief Justice of the United States, expressed during the trial of the Ellenton S. C.) conspirators, has special pertinence and force. It will be remembered that several of the desperados engaged in that brutal outrage, were indicted and tried in the United States Court for their participation therein; and that they escaped punishment, not for lack of proof of guilt, but under the decision of Chief Justice WAITE, that the violation of a State law cannot be punished under the laws of the United States. It will also be remembered, with what joy this opinion was hailed by the Democratic press, North and South, and the Chief Justice commended for the soundness and independence of his decision. That opinion was condensed into the following words, to-wit:

"That a number of citizens of the United States have been killed, there can be no question, but that is not enough to enable the Government of the United States to interfere for their protection. Under the constitution that belongs to the State alone. But when an unlawful combination is made to interfere with any of the *rights of National citizenship* secured to citizens of the United States by the National Constitution, *then* an offense is committed against the *laws of the United States*, and it is not only the *right*, but *the absolute duty*, of the National Government, to *interfere* and afford to its citizens *that protection* which every good government *is bound to give.*"

The distinction here made by the Chief Justice, between the rights of the citizen under State laws, and "the rights of National citizenship," under the Constitution of the United States, has always been recognized by the Courts, and on that turns the merits of the question in hand. Any interference with the latter, is "an offence against the laws of the United States," which "it is not only the right, but the absolute duty, of the National Government" to provide against and punish. This decision covers, most fully, the right of suffrage in the election of Congressmen, and we are inclined to think, that the country will be as likely to accept the opinion of Chief Justice WAITE in the case, as that of Mr. HURD.

So we come back to the position with which this article sat out—that the issue now forced upon the country by the Confederate Brigadiers is substantially the same as that on which they went to war 18 years ago, which was supposed to be settled by the result of that contest. The question lies at the very basis of the government, and its final decision is to determine whether the United States is a Nation, endowed with the rights and powers required for independent existence and self-defense, or merely a partnership of sovereignties, to be dissolved at the will of any member. For this issue, let every loyal citizen be prepared.

CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATIONS.

The problems which have come up for solution within the last few years concerning the relations between the employer and employed, are very difficult ones, and cause an infinite deal of trouble. While times were prosperous, profits large and wages high, little was heard of over supply, trades unions, strikes, etc., but when the reverse came, all these things rose to the surface as questions which demand a decisive answer.

Some very suggestive ideas are offered upon the subject in the May number of the *Atlantic*, by Mr. ALFRED B. MASON. He thinks that the steady, determined effort of the working classes themselves is to be the saving power, and that by harmonious co-operation of themselves the greater part of the destitution among them would disappear. Everything that can be done for them by others will suffice but little to lift them out of the mire, if they make no struggle to work themselves out. And this can never be done by strikes, which operate to their own injury as much as or more than to their employers, nor by any violent coercive mode of procedure.

Distributive co-operation which is a long stride forward, has been tried in England so thoroughly as to enable it to be pronounced a substantial success. Mr. MASON says that it threatens to do away entirely with the small tradesmen and retailers and for that reason is execrated by them as taking away their means of living. It is certain, however, that with the exception of this comparatively small class of middlemen who will be obliged to seek other employment, everybody else is benefited, and the Civil Service Supply Association, the result of an afternoon's meeting of a few London Post-office clerks to talk over what should be done in consequence of a refusal to raise their wages to a comfortable living standard—has grown from the small experiment of buying at wholesale a half chest of tea and dividing the cost, to an institution which occupies a building of its own for which it paid $200,000, and sells each year $5 000,000 worth of goods. It would be an easy matter for workmen anywhere to establish a distributive co-operative store by beginning upon a small scale and working towards large results. The great good of the whole arrangement is that it does away with the temptation of obtaining credit, by which large bills are run up that tax the buyer beyond measure to pay, and are the prolific cause of so much misery—since the purchases are all made upon the cash principle.

Productive co-operation has not succeeded so well. The trouble lies in the disposition of the workmen to quarrel about the arrangements, and in their entire ignorance of what is required in managing successfully. In Chicago, the Carpenters' co-operative shop failed entirely. The members fell into the hands of a "thievish lawyer" who bled them extortionately, and the end was a general breaking up of the whole thing. In contrast to this, however, Mr. MASON tells of the successful starting of a lock manufactory in England, which was carried on in the face of the opposition of the former employers of the men, who undersold them to such a degree that for a time the men sold their locks for nothing. They nearly starved, but persevered, and now are prosperous beyond their expectations.

Co-operation may or may not be a way out of the difficulties that beset the labor question, but it is at least worth the trying, and its success has been thus far sufficient to give a bright promise of the effect of a more extended trial. It will take many long years before the results will be fully apparent, but the present, when financial prosperity is returning to the country, is a good time to inaugurate these experiments.

THE CONFEDERATE SUBSTITUTE OF STARVATION FOR WAR.

The Confederate Democracy now stand before the country, demanding the surrender of the Government wholly unreservedly into their hands, and backing that demand with the threat, that in case it be denied them, they will seize possession of the National Treasury, and by denying to the Government the supplies absolutely essential to its continued existence, *starve the Union to death.* Eighteen years ago the same men made the same demand, which was accompanied by the threat that in case of denial, they would *shoot the Union to death.* In the latter case, the threat was promptly put in course of execution, and persisted in through four years of fierce and destructive war, costing hundreds of thousands of loyal lives and thousands of millions of hard-earned dollars of loyal citizens. How the changed plan of conquest will come out, remains to be known.

The audacity of the present scheme of subjugation by the old secession leaders was indicated by the statement made by Sen CONKLING, in his recent speech, showing that of $234 831 461 of National taxes paid during the last fiscal year, $221,204 208 was paid by the 27 States which adhered to the Union during the rebellion, and $13 627,192 by the 11 seceding States. Of this latter sum, $6,500,000, or about one-half, came from the tobacco of Virginia, and hence was not borne by that State. This leaves, as the tax actually paid by the disloyal States, the sum of $7,125,462, against $221,204,208 from the loyal States, besids the larger portion of the tobacco tax of Virginia paid by Northern consumers. The case will better be understood from the following statement, showing the aggregate payment of taxes by the loyal and the disloyal States, together with the average amount for each State and for each member of Congress from the two sections, to wit:

	27 Loyal States.	11 Rebel States.
Aggregate tax	$221,204,208	$7,125,462
Each State	8,192,750	647 769
Each Representative	1,265,012	97,609
Per cent. of collections	94 1-2	3 1-4

It will be seen, that the loyal States contributed, directly, 94½ per cent. of the entire revenue and for the year, besides their portion of the Virginia tobacco tax; that the loyal States averaged over 12 times the average of the disloyal States; and that the average of Congressional Districts was over $1,000,000 in the loyal, to $97,609 in the disloyal States, or nearly 11 times as much for the former as for the latter.

Now comes the significant fact, that the Confederates from the 11 Rebel States virtually control the Democratic caucus, in which was devised and matured the scheme for seizing the supply-train of the Nation, and starving its Government to a surrender. The States which contribute but 3¼ cents, assume to dictate what shall be done with the entire dollar, and the States that pay the balance of the dollar, under this audacious plot, would have no more voice in its disposition than would the Zulus of Africa, nor as if the treasure had been actually captured by the Confederate Army during the rebellion. The proposition is infinitely worse than was the seizure of public money and property found in the South at the outbreak of the rebellion, for that had at least the color of military right; whereas, in the present case, the seizure is proposed to be made in the name of the Government itself and in the very halls of Congress, by forms of legislation and under pretense of authority of the Constitution of the United States! Could anything be more audacious? And yet, just that is what the imprudent Confederate Brigadiers propose, and what the Democrats in both Houses, submissive to their will, have formally indorsed and promised to carry into effect, if they have power. The scheme is the suggestion of the desperation and recklessness which possesses the defeated rebels, who vainly think that the time has come when there is a hope of reversing the fortunes of war, by daring strategy in peace. They think the loyal men of the Nation may be more readily conquered by the seizure of the public treasury necessary to the support of the Government, than by open war on that Government. Hence, the change in the mode and means of attack. How far they will dare to push this second war on the Union, remains to be seen. The farther the better, for it is as certain to fail, as any future event can be. The loyal men of the Nation will now be found no less ready to furnish the means for carrying on the Government, than they were in supplying the "sinews" for a war in which the Nation's life was first assailed by the Confederates. So, let the schems go forward to its fullest possible accomplishment. Let the old Confederates of the South and old Copperheads of the North join again their counsels and efforts for the subjugation of the Nation, and see how they come out.

CHANGE FOR BETTER.

The change in the manner of agitating the labor subject since last year is very marked, and shows that the good sense of the better class of working people is coming to be more powerful than the noisy, blatant howling of the ignorant blackguard, or the utterances of the more intelligent mob leader. The same difficult questions as to the relations between the employer and the employed remain to be settled. The same feeling of injustice exists, but the conviction that nothing can be accomplished by violence has become a fixed fact as late occurrences show. KEARNY has retired into the background. Nothing more is heard of his sand lot orations. His *prestige* as a leader has departed, and should he repeat his visit to the East, his coming would not cause a ripple of excitement. If he attempts to rise to the political surface again his words will have no more effect than the blowing of the Summer's wind.

Last year, prominent among the labor agitators and leader of strikes in Washington was one ISAAC COHEN, who attained considerable notoriety through his incendiary speeches to the idle and discontented of that City. Monday night, it was announced that he would address a mass meeting of workingmen in Baltimore. One year ago hundreds, perhaps thousands, would have gathered to hear his words. It will be seen "how the mighty are fallen" by the fact that after waiting an hour for an audience, he began speaking to seven men and three boys. While his burning words of eloquence were falling from his lips, the rain began to fall from the clouds and the few who had gathered around him departed suddenly to happier places where they could keep dry. Again he essayed to speak and again his hearers scattered, and at last he adjourned to a saloon where he drowned his troubles in the flowing bowl.

Comment upon this occurrence is hardly necessary for it shows in itself that the better thoughts of working men are governing them, and that needed reforms will be attempted in a way far more likely to bring success than the tumults of the last two years.

OLD SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

Libby and Belle Isle.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

Your Andersonville sketches are certainly the most life like pictures of prison I have ever seen in print. I was on Belle Isle, and the scenes of suffering and death he portrays at Andersonville, are so like what I saw at Libby and Belle Isle, that I knew his statements must be correct. I must confess I have no patience while reading the fine encomiums on Jeff. Davis that so often are heard all over the land. Talk about Jeff. Davis knowing nothing about the condition of the prisoners right under his nose? You might as well try to make a man of sense believe Hilden knew nothing about dispatches read at his breakfast table, and commented on by his guests, in his presence. He *did* know all about it, the lying perjured rebel's villainous statements to the contrary notwithstanding. I suffered but little for food, for I was taken down with the measels the next day after reaching Belle Isle. It was a cold, rainy day in September. I had no clothing except a thin shirt, and an old pair of pants the Reps generously let me keep.

The disease went to my lungs and stomach, and I soon became helpless, never feeling a desire for food, and going no medicine I soon became so reduced that I was perfectly helpless. In that condition, I was carried to the tent outside of the dead line, where I remained I think one week. One morning while lying on my side, with my face to the open end of the tent, (I was too weak to turn over), I could see our boys carry out our dead, and lay them in a row in front of where I was lying. After a while, Gen. Winder, "The Death Angel," came along with a woman holding his arm; they walked along the line of the dead men, and rap, rap went his cane on the head of each one of the dead. When he reached the end of the line, he said to the woman, they are all too dead to kick," the woman replied, "yes they are *hors-de-combat*, and there is that number of Yanks out of our way." The sick lay in sections of eight, "spoon fashion," for want of room. One night the two men I laid between both died, about 10 o'clock, and I laid between these cold forms until 10 o'clock the next day. After about a week I was carried to Libby Prison Hospital, and from there I was laid in a cattle car, and taken to City Point, and put on the flag of truce boat, and taken to Annapolis, Md. After a month of unconsciousness, I commenced to gain strength and in five or six months, I felt able to ride and went to my Regiment. But notwithstanding, I was able to ride until the close of the war, yet I have never seen a well day, and although I was a strong able-bodied man, weighing 180 pounds when I enlisted. Since I left prison my greatest weight has been 157 pounds. I was treated in our hospital, for lung, remittent and bilious fever. I am unable to procure a pension, for the reason that my comrades who cared for me in prison all died there, under the kind treatment of Winder," "The Death Angel." I sometimes indulge the same feeling as a poor man of my acquaintance (while thinking of the sufferings we endured) who was in Andersonville. He was telling me what he went through, and that *now* he could hardly go about, he was discharged for disability, and did not get a pension. He remarked to me, "We went down there, left our homes, and sacrificed our property to maintain our families, suffered, and passed through, and when we came home, the same men whom we had defended in the field, went to work to undo all we have done. They gave the Rebels liberty, their property, and opened a way for them to gain more than they fought for; never punished a traitor, turned the bonds of the men who stayed at home into gold, but never thought that we were wronged by giving us greenbacks, when we were sacrificing everything to uphold the Government. Pension Jeff Davis, if you will, but rest assured that the party that makes such a thing possible by their pardon and conciliation of the Rebels, and who did not have the nerve to punish a single traitor, will learn in time, that enemies will come from the East, and from the West, and God shall take away the kingdom from you, and give it to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof. WILLIAM MORRIS.

Sidney, Iowa, April 15.

An Indiana Soldier Captured at Chickamauga Tells His Story.

To the Editor of the BLADE:

Having noticed in your most valuable paper several communications from parties who served a term in the Andersonville Black Hole during the late Rebellion, I would ask the privilege of giving a few reminiscences of my life while there. I was only in the prison 18 months and 12 days and of course, had not as good an opportunity to learn it all as those who were in longer. I was taken prisoner at the Battle of Chickamauga on the 19th day of September, 1863, was taken to Richmond, where I arrived on the 25th of the same month, our rations there were four ounces of beef and a half pound of bread for one day. While there I think we got about one-half our clothing and one-fourth rations that was sent to us by the Sanitary Commission. We regarded the Rebels as very generous in giving us any divide at all. I was a witness of the great bread riot in Richmond, where I stayed two months and then was sent away to Danville, where I arrived in the night and got up next morning to find ourselves in the midst of small pox. The Rebs manifested sufficient sympathy to vaccinate all who were in longer, and as far as my knowledge went every one that was vaccinated died in Andersonville, the flesh rotting off their arms first, and spreading all over the body, while the victim suffered the most excruciating torment, until relieved by death. I was urged at three different times to go out and work at my trade (shoemaker). I refused to do so.

I was an eye witness of the conduct of the Raiders, their arraignment, trial, hanging and gauntlet running. I became quite well acquainted with a number of Illinoisans from Knox and Marshall Counties, but was better acquainted with Ohio and Kentucky boys. My most intimate comrades were Jesse Hines, Si Randall, Richard Williams, Geo. Belanger and Wm. Johnson. I any of the above are yet alive I should like very much to hear from them, as it gave me great pleasure to hear from Red Cap.

I have been greatly pleased to read the articles as published in your paper; but I must express the opinion that the true history of Andersonville will never be written or fully understood by the American people. For instance, a poor skeleton of a man seeking the offall of the privy or the excrement floating on the stagnant water with the thermometer at 98°, and appropriating as a substitute for food. Such facts can never be fully appreciated and realized by the people.

After the stockade was enlarged I was carried to the new barracks—my legs being so badly drawn that I was unable to walk from effects of scurvy. While there I saw one of the guards drop a piece of bread between the stockade and the dead line, and told one of the prisoners it was for him. The man crawled out to get it, and the guard at the next post shot him through the hips, so that it required him two hours for him to get back. Had any one attempted to have helped him he would have been shot. He belonged to a Pennsylvania Regiment.

I remember having seen a squad of Vermont boys washing themselves in the branch and the guards fired into them, and blew one's brains out and wounded another.

For trying to escape from this loathsome place I saw men that had their flesh torn into shreds by blood-hounds, and with a ball and chain to their legs and a chain around their necks, and quite a number fastened together. I believe this was not practiced in any other prison in the Confederacy.

I was exchanged and got to Vicksburg on the 1st of April, 1865; went from there to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., but with all the kind treatment a great many died after arriving there. When I left the prison my knees were drawn up to my chin, and I was not in a much better condition when I arrived at home. I have never been a well man since I left there, and I think I never will, but calculate to drag out a miserable existence the remainder of my life.

WM. A. HARLOW,
Co. C, 38th Ind. Vol.

Paris Crossing, Jennings Co., Ind., April 16, 1879.

They Want to Know.

To the Author of "Andersonville."

Now, I don't know, of course, which of these names is yours: Fred Marcy, O. L. McLain, William Moore, Joe Morehead, F. R. Marcy, or John H. McElroy, You can claim *one* of *them*, at least, as all of the other "M's" of Company L are dead, or otherwise disposed of. Honor bright, *"mum's the word,"* now which of the above names do you hearken to? not necessarily for publication, but for future reference, as the editor would say. Every day scores of our boys ask, "Who is he? What is his name? Where does he live?" And echo answers, "Who! what! where!" Your strictly-maintained *incog* makes us all the more anxious to know "thy name" and abiding place, that we may some day seek thee out at thy quarters and *"shake."* Of course you are too modest to realize the fact that you are becoming famous throughout all the States among "the boys." Those articles of yours are doing a *glorious work, my boy*, in souring Rebellism. On is it no grand to hear our boys urge you on with the hearty, old time cheers, while the Rebel Brigadiers and their thumb sucking terrapins at Washington, curse and foam "Give 'em fits everywhere," goes clear to the back. I feel like shouting:

"Hurrah! hurrah! we'll sound the jubilee
Hurrah! hurrah! 'tis the song that made us free.
We'll shout it as we're marching from Atlanta to the sea:
As we were marching through Georgia."

Gods! but my soul was struck last Fall, when I met my old comrades at the Soldier's Reunion at Monticello Ind., and heard them sing that old song, once more. It was worth a thousand stump speeches. Since I was mustered out in 1865, I have read every book and pamphlet I could get relating to Andersonville, but your articles are much better than any yet out, from the fact that you state in detail everything that happened in that accursed hole from day to day, and we have followed you silently, but approving of, from your handsome laying out of the "F. F. Vs," of the 64th Virginias at Jonesville, down to the present moment. The articles will have a wonderful influence in shaping matters for next years' campaign, and if the BLADE would publish a million copies, and scatter them broadcast over our country, through the hands of old soldiers, it would send Grant into the White House a booming. I must have a copy of it if takes my last nickle,

Very truly yours,
JAMES D. ENGLISH.

Lut. 41st Ill., Vet. Vol. Inf. 4th Division, 17th Corps.
DANVILLE, Ill., April 21st.

An Old Settler.

To the Editor of the BLADE:

A friend sends me the BLADE, as he knew me to be an old Andersonville prisoner, and thought I would be interested in the story as told "by a Private Soldier." I am compelled to say, (so are all who were there) that the story is not overdrawn. In the language of Mr. Powell I can truly say that "no human being will ever be able to properly paint the horrors of those infernal dens." Before me I have the BLADE of April 3d, containing chapters 37 and 38. I was one of those "Mine Run fellows" he mentions, and was confined three months in Castle Pemberton, and nine months at Andersonville; in fact I was one of the "first settlers" of Andersonville Prison. I was personally acquainted with Ned Johnson, Tom Larkin, etc. I remember little "Red Cap" well, but I suppose he did not know me. I, too, recollect my Andersonville pantaloons. My outfit when I left prison consisted of a blouse, sleeves off at the elbows, a pair of pants wore off to the knees, an old cap and a pair of crutches.

His items under "fig leaves" is every word true. I was glad to know that little "Red Cap" is still alive. I did not know but he was among the number mentioned in Chapter 38. Our mess at Richmond consisted of 19, but alas 17 remained at the Andersonville grave yard, but I returned. What a sad chapter of man's inhumanity to man. Yet the very men who were in part responsible for this great crime, a crime unparalleled in civilized warfare, are the men who are now, among those at Washington to make laws for this Nation. Jeff. Davis, the infamous traitor and murderer, is lauded in the United States Senate, and some of the Southern papers hold him up as an example of all that is pure and good, and if we, who have suffered from this tyrant, so much as mention the treatment we have received, while in prison, or the treatment Union men have received since the War, a great party in the North immediately goes into hysterics, and shouts of "bloody shirt," Go on, "Illinois," and tell your tale; you "have plenty of living witnesses to the truth of what you say." I would like to see a Reunion of the Andersonville survivors this fall. I would like to shake hands with each one. God bless the Andersonville survivors.

THOMAS A. GOSSETT,
Trader's Point, Ind., April 16th.

All True.

To the Editor of the Toledo BLADE:

I was reading "Andersonville" to friends recently, and said I believed it to be true, when G. D. Card, one of the party said that he *knew it to be true*, he said: "I was an Orderly Sergeant, and was captured at Mission Ridge, and was taken to Andersonville. I saw men nearly naked and starving to death, while Rebel guards stood by taunting them. We only got one meal a day, was very small and bad, nothing but starvation staring men in the face would tempt them to eat it." Mr. Card mentioned many particulars, and has the "dead roll" of many of the "Andersonville" martyrs, especially of the Tennessee boys, of whom 800 died in Southern prisons. Card was only in Andersonville 18 days, but while there the Rebels hung as deserters, Henry Ray, John Carrier, Marvin M. Moore, C. Dugger, and shot George Hoser, and John Potter, of the 2d North Carolina Regiment, (Loyal,) and Joseph Robinson, of the 1st North Carolina Regiment, the same regiment Card belonged to himself.

DRAYTON S. HALE,
Co. D, 19th Reg't Kentucky Infantry.
Estillville, Scott Co., Va., April 16, '79.

Enthusiastic Over It.

To the Editor of the Blade.

Give the author of "Andersonville" my best respects. I was not a prisoner, but served in the Union army four years and five months. I believe all "Illinois" says about the horrors of Andersonville one of neighbors says, "Illinois" tells the truth, but adds, "it is not half as bad in print as it was in Andersonville." He was there himself, and knew all about it. I have been a subscriber, for eight years, and of all the interesting articles that were published in the BLADE, "Andersonville" is ahead. All old soldiers and loyal men are enthusiastic over it, but it makes the blood boil in our veins and tears start in our eyes when we look back on the sufferings of our comrades in arms, in those horrid prison pens. And it is terrible for us to think that some of those very men are in Washington now, making laws for us, who were so disloyal to the Government. We do not wish to find fault with our President, of course, but when Grant goes back to the White House in 1880, we think traitors will tremble.

T. L. DANIES.
Co. I, 2d Illinois Cavalry, Pittsville, Ill., April, 29th, 1878.

Indorses "Andersonville."

To the Editor of the Blade:

I must indorse "Andersonville," It is the first article I read when the BLADE comes. I was at Andersonville and *know* the sketches are true. I was taken prisoner near Atlanta, Georgia, August 3, 1864. After taking us to the prison, our clothes were taken from us and examined for watches and money. This was done by Wirtz and his gang, who took the best of our clothing. Andersonville was carpeted with maggots and filth. I was a prisoner for five months. And what did it avail for us to starve and suffer for so many long, weary months for our country, for the good old Union, and now the Government has been turned over to the Rebels? I never have cast a vote for a Rebel, and never shall. I was born and raised a Democrat, and for that I am heartily sorry. HENRY PERIOR.

Walnut Creek, Bates County, Mo., April 28, 1879.

LEADVILLE.

A Complicated Labyrinth of Mining Claims.

Chicago Tribune.

Two maps of the Leadville mining claims of this district have been published lately. A stranger interested in Leadville, and anxious for information regarding the number of claims and the extent of territory occupied by them, would be astonished, on unfolding and spreading out before him self one of these maps, at the apparent incoherence and irregularity of the complicated network of lines. The boundaries of the claims overlap and run across one another without regard to rule or reason. The surveys seem to have been made with a reckless disregard of other people's property, and a total absence of method so far as they themselves are concerned. There are certain points on the map which seem to be covered by portions of four, or five, or six different claims. Then, some claims are of the regulation oblong shape (3.0 by 1,500 feet), but others are triangular, square, semi circular, octagonal, and many are of indescribable form. The first thought occurring to the observer of these peculiarities is that the locaters of the Leadville claims must have difficulty in procuring good titles to their property. This natural supposition is borne out by the facts to a certain extent; there is considerable litigation in Leadville, as in all mining regions, concerning boundary lines. Still, this evil is far less formidable than any one would think. In the first place, the maps do not fairly represent

THE LOCATION OF THE CLAIMS.

It must be remembered that maps show only a plain or level surface, while in reality the land which they represent is rocky and hilly in the extreme. Hence two claims, which, on the map may seem to touch each other, may be really a thousand feet apart, one being at the bottom or on the side of a steep declivity, and the other being on the top. As I have stated in previous letters, the general slope of the district is west, and from the Mosquito Range on the east down to the camp on the west, there are alternate sharp edges and narrow gulches running almost parallel with one another. This explains partly the confusion which appears on the map. It is a fact, however, that there is a great deal of overlapping and clashing among the existing claims. Less than a year has passed since public attention was directed to the Leadville district by the discovery of the Fryer Hill bonanzas. In that time nearly all the land inside of five square miles has been taken up for mining purposes. Under the United States law no miner has a legal right to any claim until he has discovered mineral in place upon it. Hence two men might sink shafts adjoining each other, and both might survey and claim the same ground, but the one who struck ore first would alone be entitled to stake off the ground and survey in his neighbor. These surveys are taken according to the whim of the persons ordering them; they may be drawn in any direction, providing they do not interfere with other claims upon which mineral has already been found. In Leadville we have had the experience of 300 or 400 men or companies

DIGGING AT THE SAME TIME

in search of the precious ore. In almost every instance the miners, as soon as they had located, proceeded to survey and stake their claim, without waiting to see whether or not there was mineral on the ground, quietly surveyed over and across them, and then went to digging, hoping to reach mineral first. Hence arose the strange conglomeration of side and end lines, as shown upon the maps of Leadville. In some cases it has happened that ore has been struck from two conflicting claims at the same, or nearly the same time. In these cases the owners have either compromised by dividing up the ground, or they have chosen the more unwise course of going to law. In a few instances they have resorted to violence, and placed an armed force on guard night and day to defend what they believed to be their rights. In a real case of "jumping" perhaps the latter course is the most effective. For several months last Fall

THE IRON MINE

was conver

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

A Hudson River California—The Talmage Trial—Women's Behavior at the Trial—Indictment of the Indian Commissioner.

Correspondence Toledo BLADE.

CHERRYSIDE, May 9.

The Spring draws one irresistibly away from Town, and the hill country about New York has sights and scents which charm one from every care and occupation save gazing on its face. The old fields' thick untended sward absorbs the light, the old orchards wrap folds of thinnest green about them, and the woody hollows have enchanting range and change of Spring colors, tender browns and gray, suffused with callow sunny tints of willow and the warm leafage of maples and bridesmaid array of scattered wild fruit trees, breaking into blossom, the view exquisitely heightened by placing behind these bright trees the Spanish shadow of a dark bronzed cedar, and leading to the Highlands in airy violet, and the nearer Palisade slopes of dusky woodland purple. It is a vision of the delectable mountains, that draws the eye every time one crosses the grass-plot. Nearer, the road by the little farm is lined with tall cherry trees with green gray tops, powdered with a fragrant snow of blossom. I wonder more and more that a soul is left in the Cities except those unfortunates doomed to care for its business. It is a miracle of pleasure each time to leave the City, with its dirty unswept streets, its noisome odors, which get worse every year, its unwholesome crowds and the hell of its thundering wheels and trains which bolt speed on the thoroughfare, to find oneself gliding away into cool peace and the beauty of long green shadows and golden lights and drinking breath that is like myrrh. Rockland County has the reputation of a high, fine air, next in purity and health to that of California and as I wish to live to be 90, I am greedy of it. The house stands open to its coolness and the sun all day, till at night, when it has to be shut, the odor of orange blossoms and fresh grass linger in the closed rooms. All day, whenever possible, the household is out in the sun, camped on the grass in the orchard, with sewing or writing, or stealing 10 minutes out of the century, doing nothing and looking at the wonderful blue hills. It seems very simple to write of this, the common sweetness of every spring, but if one had looked into Heaven it would be hard for him not to help talking of what he saw, and I feel daily as if Heaven had descended upon us, in light clear as crystal, in warming heat of precious wine, tinging the air and earth, and in fragrance like the breath of immortality itself. The same thing lies about us all, who have orderly homesteads and orchards and green grass, and if this helps one to feel the delight which lies about him, it may do as much for him as to copy the gossip and scandal of the news.

THE TALMAGE TRIAL!

While it nominally acquitted Dr. Talmage of charges of untruth and want of principle, has not been productive of credit to either party. It principally proved that ministers need nothing so much as to unite more of the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. I am afraid it left a wide impression that ignorance of worldly ways and business measures by no means insures innocence of worldly aims and false performance. What led to this trial with all its mortifying disclosure of the weakness of principle and spirit which it exhibited, was a morbid sensitiveness to newspaper reports. Arthur Crosby and lovers of his ilk, had not been foolishly sensitive to the comments and reports which the *Sun* and *Herald* and the Brooklyn papers made over Dr. Talmage's extravagances, they would not have stirred up this trial in the anxious effort to clear themselves in the eyes of the world from the stigma of association with him. If tried these young ministers, pushing their church to stand as a model of polite and dignified culture, to have seen a mountebank in fellowship for Dr. Talmage is the George Francis Train of the pulpit and any one who has seen the Omaha Financier squat and see-saw and shout and mutter can form an idea of the style which the pulpit of the Brooklyn Tabernacle exhibits. When the *Sun* said, "Talmage was the only athletic performance now-a-days left for Sundays," these pastors laughed under the aspersion. They would show these newspaper reporters and the world's people whether the Brooklyn Presbytery will stand with such men, they would not trust to the reputation of the Presbyterian Church for centuries of dignity and sound speech, but they would show their zeal by taking the offender by the scruff of the neck and pitching him overboard. And much credit they have done their Church by trying it. The opinion the Head of the Church gave of his own followers stands unreversed to-day, that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." The want of tact, of prudence, of generalship and self-control which marked the proceedings of the trial will be a grief to those who, as I do, revere the Presbyterian Church with loyal and inherited attachment.

IT WAS A MISTAKE TO ADMIT THE PUBLIC

and reporters to such a trial at all. It should have been held with the dignity of Episcopal Churches, which so far, manage their own affairs without having them told in the market place next morning. Ministers as a rule know too little about human nature and affairs to conduct warfare with unscrupulous opponents without coming off second best in tactics and temper, however sound their cause may be. The success with which the Talmage side was managed was a wonder to observers, but was explained when Dr. Talmage in his closing speech acknowledged the direction and aid of Mr. Tenney, the District Attorney throughout the trial. Religion walking in embroidered slippers, keeping "Blue Monday" tender of "seeing its name in the newspapers," used to study, lounging and five o'clock teas with Ladies' Societies is not gifted with the keenness which can riddle sophistry, detect the flaw in a bolt position, and apply the edge of truth to the dividing asunder of joints and marrow. It would not have taken a great deal of shrewdness to teach the ministers assembled, that any one who stirs fire must be warmed up, and prepared them to keep their dignity through their badgering as witnesses.

WOMEN ON THE RIOT.

The trial however was a lucid exposition of the wisdom of Paul's admonition, "Let women keep silence in the Churches," for more indecent behavior on the part of women supposed to be reputable is rarely seen. Well-dressed, well-to-do women from Dr. Talmage's Church, flocked to the trial, with the expressed purpose of disconcerting the examining pastors, and gave free vent to their feelings with shameless regard of decorum, hissing down speakers, giving them the lie and making offensive remarks aloud, and even making faces in the most childish fashion at venerable ministers, whose age, if not their profession, should have rebuked the insult. It entered the mind of more than one present that the offenders deserved no more appropriate treatment than the English method with unruly girls, of laying them across an ottoman, with a short application of a birch twig. If this is the way "these wives of ours," these bewitching, impulsive idols propose to act when they appear in public affairs, sensible people will see that it is a good while before they have the chance at it.

THE WAY OUT.

More of the wisdom of the serpent would have shown the Presbytery of Brooklyn that the best and surest way to get rid of Dr. Talmage was by the process known to worldly men as "freezing out." Sensation and extravagance are atoned for by no popularity with the church. Religion never was or will be popular until the millennium, and the religion which raves of heaven and hell alternately, and does not teach men to be careful that their professions and actions serve, which allows exaggeration till the consciousness of truth is lost, which tolerates misrepresentations in business, which puts down subscriptions for a church debt for appearance sake that will probably never be paid, pursues an assault with whispers of dishonesty and then backs out of proving them, such a religion is that of Talmages and Kittredges, and notorious evangelists who professes to receive nothing for their work, but who retire with gifts of furnished houses and more money than they ever made or could make in legitimate business, *not* of the Presbyterian Church or its Master, but of those always found hanging on the skirts of religion when she is in favor. The sensational, ill-educated, half-bred element of society likes such religion, just as it likes high-speed novels and trashy literature, and freaks in art and "style" and sham in everything. A religion that has not enough in it to save a man from falsehood and deceit, from fraud, small or large, from malice and malicious tricks, does not appear like very saving grace in any light.

INDIAN COMMISSIONER HOYT,

who entered the Bureau of Indian Affairs with the expressed desire of "purifying" it, and who deprecated intensely the influence of the army as corrupting to the Indians, and leading to the spread of the Romish Church appears in need of a little "purifying" himself, as he stands indicted by the Grand Jury for false statements of the affairs of his bank, advertising on paper yard measures and otherwise, that the International Trust Company, of which he was President, had a paid up capital of $200,000 when it had but $50,000 paid, the balance being in the notes of the Directors which remain unsettled. The fact is, men are not educated in morality, either by their parents, schools or churches. How few mothers take it in hand to teach a boy that to say he has a hundred marbles when part of them are only promised to him is an untruth, unworthy and disgraceful. How many teachers, while they lecture on the beauty of truth, enlighten a child's mind as to the varieties and degrees of untruth, and educate their consciences to avoid misrepresentation as they would deliberate lying. The only things generally recognized now a days as a lie, disgraceful or immoral, is a flat falsehood, in which one happens to get caught.

SHIRLEY DARE.

LETTERS FROM BUCKEYE.

Progress of the Revolution—Taking the Back Track—Mr Corbin to be Rejected—Mr. Kellogg to be Unseated.

Correspondence Toledo BLADE.

WASHINGTON, May 9, 1879.

All quiet on the Potomac. Congress is doing nothing, but it is a very unimportant body. The Democratic caucus is now the ruling force in the Government, and it is in good working condition. Since the veto it has been almost constantly in session, at work on its buncombe bill which was duly reported to the House on Monday, went to the proper Committee, according to the forms of legislation, was reported on Tuesday, and passed without allowing an t to be dotted or a t to be crossed. No discussion was had, only a single attempt at amendment was permitted; there was no opportunity given for suggestions or changes, and the work of the caucus was passed and sent to the Senate just as the Democratic Bridgeliers had shaped it, and Congress might just as well have been in the North of Ireland.

The bill appears on its face as a very harmless measure, but the Republicans do not like it because it is intended to cripple the Federal Government. It is, in fact, a bill forbidding the President to enforce the laws. But as the law of the last Congress for preventing the army from being used as a *posse comitatus* covers about the same ground, and met the approval of the President, it is not believed that he will withhold his signature from this. The substitute of the Republicans, which was voted down, was a much more statesmanly provision and was equally effective to accomplish the desired object. It was in the following words:

Be it enacted, &c., That it shall not be lawful to bring to, or employ at, any place where a general or special election is being held in a State, any part of the army or navy of the United States, unless such forces be necessary to repel the armed enemies of the United States, or to enforce section 4, article 4, of the Constitution of the United States, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, on application of the Legislature or the Executive of the State where such force is to be used; and so much of all laws as is inconsistent herewith, is hereby repealed.

You will notice the difference. The Republican measure excepts in favor of the constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof; the caucus bill excepts in favor of the constitution and United States laws only on the condition that the State asks for Federal interposition. The President is sworn to enforce United States laws whether the State likes it or not; but on election day he must keep his hands off unless the State calls on him. This is, however, of no practical consequence. As a fact the President has studiously abstained from the interference which is provided against and no troops have ever been at or near the polls under his administration. And, as the Democrats have framed their bill to meet his objections, he must mutually feel a desire to approve it if he can consistently with his sworn duty. You will notice that the Democratic leaders have come down from their high horse; that the business of "wiping out" has been stopped; that the "never surrender" and "last ditch" men have been snubbed; that their bill does not go to the President as a rider; that it has been amended to obviate the President's objections, as expressed in his message, and that it contains not threat and implies no threat. Under such circumstances it seems highly probable that the bill will be signed.

The Legislative bill has not yet passed the Senate, and, when it passes, will have to go back to the House for concurrence in some Senate amendments, but the riders will be retained in the bill and, on that account, it will not receive the President's sanction. Nor does it seem possible for the Democrats to caucus them into such shape as will make them acceptable to him or to any man who desires fair elections. Probably the States rights issue will show itself more distinctly on the matter of Supervisors than on the bogus issue in regard to the army. There is a real, a vital, point in getting rid of the Supervisors. As to the troops, all the noise made about them was simply to get an advantage by playing on American prejudices against foreigners. But Federal supervision is at once against the old State rights theory and fatal to Democratic success. The Democrats know that they have no chance in 1880 without fraud at the polls. They know that they hold their present majority in Congress by fraud. They know that without terrorism and fiesta tickets they cannot hold the solid South. They know that without the same or similar tactics they cannot carry New York. Hence it is a matter of life and death with them to get rid of the Federal election laws, and if they have not been mist and thoroughly beaten on the "skirmish line," the sharpest fight is to come. Meantime the caucus bears rule, and the most important measures before the country will be decided, not in Congress, not by the Democratic majority, but by a few men speaking from the Democratic star chamber. The caucus may be defined as a majority of a minority. It never has all the Democratic members present. And often many of them are one half of the other House. But the most active and bitter partizans are sure to be on hand, and hence it is that, under caucus government a few men in Congress govern that body and rule the nation.

The confirmation of Mr. Corbin for Chief Justice of the Territory of Utah is to be rejected. This is a high partizan act which is entirely worthy of the men who have broken their pledges. Mr. Corbin was the legal and rightful Senator from South Carolina but was ruled out by a partizan majority; and because they have been guilty of injustice towards him they naturally hate him. Hence they have trumped up charges to make a show of justifying their action and will refuse to confirm him.

Still more outrageous is the attempt to unseat Mr. Kellogg. The Democrats disingenerously deny that this is their purpose just as they denied that their purpose in organizing the Potter committee was to find some cause to unseat the President. But they say they want an investigation—that is, they want to find materials which, as in the case of the Potter Committee, they hope will justify the action which they now deny. Of course, if the materials don't open up to their satisfaction they will not go on to carry out their purpose. Mr. Conkling did not hesitate to expose what he believed to be the true object of this shameful proceeding. Any one, he said, who was familiar with the political status of the Senate would not be long in understanding what was the true object of violating its rules and its established order under the pretense of making an investigation. "We cannot," said he, "be misled or blindfolded for one moment. It is a method of vacating a seat in the Senate, the title to which has been conclusively and with overmuch particularity settled and adjudged in order that that seat may be transferred from where it is by the Constitution and by right to where it is not by either, but where it is required for partisan ends. I do not know, nor do I care, who was its author, who is its promoter. I denounce it as a violation of the rights and privileges of this body."

It is understood that the elections in 1880 will unseat just enough Democratic Senators to make Mr. Kellogg's place very important in maintaining the Democratic majority. Hence this movement. Mr. Thurman, who has reasons just now for being a very steep partizan, was ready with a defense and a reason, a justification, and took the New York Senator to task for imputing bad motives to honorable Senators.

The indications now are that the Democratic leaders do not propose to hurry away from Washington. It was thought, after the veto, that they would pass their bills through rapidly, and get ready to go home. But everything now looks like delay. Mr. Atkins, the Chairman of the Appropriation Committee, has gone home to spend some weeks, and several other members are away. Some who have gone do not propose to return. Two, at least, have gone home in disgust, perfectly satisfied that the extra session has about finished up the Northern Democracy. They are both from New England, and say openly that their Districts are lost.

Mr. Sherman, I see, does not talk much as if he meant to be Governor of Ohio, but things look a little that way, notwithstanding. There appears to be a good many men who have gone to Ohio to *in ad fences*, and it is to be hoped that *they* will do their work so well that the Democratic bull will get fenced in.

BUCKEYE.

Close of the Debate in the Senate Great Speech of Mr. Edmunds—A Startling Indictment from Mr. Chandler—The Caucus Bill to be Vetoed.

Correspondence of the Blade:

WASHINGTON, May 10, 1879.

Sen. Morgan, of Alabama, was put forward by the Democrats as the champion of the caucus bill, and made a speech of three hours, which, of course, showed considerable ability and a fair share of Southern effrontery. He was as much alarmed at the danger of bayonet rule as the intimidated Bourbon voter who, for fear of meeting a gun at the polls, came with two revolvers stuck in his belt, a bowie knife down his back and a shotgun slung over his shoulder. Mr. Morgan had the audacity to argue that it was necessary for the bill to pass in order to give peace to the North. The South, having just been freed from the horrors of bayonet rule, was determined that the North should be free also. His point had more in it than he would be willing to admit. It is undoubtedly true that this and the kindred measures are intended to Bourbonize the North and give it the benefit of the same tissue ballots and stuffed boxes which have made the South so solid.

On the Republican side the great feature of the debate was the masterly argument of Sen. Edmunds. It was not a speech for popular use, but was for lawyers and Senators and Judges. His first hour was taken up with his quotations from the Constitution, the Federalist, the writings of early statesmen, and the laws of earlier days, to show that the Government had been fully endowed with power to protect all the interests confided to it by the Constitution, and had been in the habit of using that power. These were read from the Clerk's desk, with only such remarks as were necessary to explain them, and then came the binding statement which made his positions unanswerable. He was not interrupted, and his words were so deep an impression that several of the Democratic leaders have since expressed their belief that the bill would be vetoed by the President.

Mr. Evarts was in the diplomatic gallery an attentive listener to the whole argument, which is conceded on every hand to have been of amazing strength. Mr. Blaine followed with a few telling remarks in his own peculiar style, and then Senator Chandler electrified the Senate with a short, terse and telling speech which went into the enemy's line like one of Jack Lawton's cavalry charges.

I have said that the great feature of the debate was the remarkable speech of Mr. Edmunds. But if immediate effect on the country is to be considered the lightning strokes of Mr. Chandler, would bear away the palm. He began by saying that the Barbons forgot nothing, and learned nothing. In the years preceding the war they underlook, as now, to govern the country by a caucus. On the action of the caucus they degraded Stephen A. Douglas from his position as Chairman of the Committee on Territories and pushed through that series of measures which, brought on the war. They had the President, the Supreme Court and both Houses of Congress, but they steadily pushed their State rights theories till one after another their Northern men were, as Mr. Chandler expressed it, crowded off from the bridge. The Northern men who stuck by the caucus died in their tracks and came back no more to their old places. They were crowded off the bridge.

The same class of men have come back out of the war but they have learned nothing by the past and have forgot none of their dangerous theories. They were working through the caucus to restore the old doctrines that led them into rebellion. Sir, said he, the people of the North are more thoroughly aroused against your doctrine of States rights than they were in '57 and '61. You proposed the other day to pension Jefferson Davis, you eulogized him as a patriot and compared him to Washington, and every one of your Northern allies voted aye. You came out of the war complaining that you were poor. We clothed you and put on you the robe of American citizenship. We killed for you the fatted calf and invited you to the family feast. We supposed that, being clothed, you were in your right mind, but you declared that you always owned the calf and would give us no thanks for the feast. And now you inform us that you are going to wipe out all that we have done. You have undertaken a very large job. But you follow the caucus and go on. You are now working to displace a Senator (Kellogg) against the usages of the Senate and its final action. But, sir, there are 12 Senators on your side of the House that hold their seats by a worse title than he, elected, as we believe, through violence and fraud. Now show us the road to vacate seats in this body by such a process if *you dare*.

Here there were signs of intense excitement on the Democratic side, and Sen. Eaton, in an angery tone, called him to order, and there was a Senatorial scene. Mr Gartland called on the Clerk to take down the offensive words. Mr. Beck demanded to know what were the names of the 12 Senators, the official report was appealed to for a statement of the exact charge made, and Mr. Eaton pronounced the Senators remarks insulting. But it did not take long for the Southern hotspurs to find out that there was no capital to be made by bowling Mr. Chandler down, and Mr. Hill moved the matter would be dropped, and it was dropped accordingly, and Mr. Chandler went on to finish his speech, closing up with saying that *mene, mene, tekel upharsin* was written on their brows.

These speeches, of course, had no effect as against the mandate of the Democratic caucus. But they have made a powerful impression on the political circles of Washington, and there is a general feeling among Republicans that the bill ought to be vetoed. It is seen, as it has not been seen before, that these Confederates are driving the country rapidly into another act of secession, and that it is necessary to make a stand. The point is now, as before the war, as to whether the Government has the power to take care of its own life. The Confederates are pushing it to the wall, driving it out of the States, refusing its authority in its courts, murdering its officers and declining to obey its laws. If the hands of the President are tied up so as to prevent him from executing the laws in one instance he will have to yield in another, and the Government will fall to pieces as these Confederates very well know and probably desire. The danger is felt to be imminent requiring resistance, firm and unyielding at once. The report is that the President feels the urgency of the case and proposes to meet it in a manly way and on grounds foreshadowed in his veto message. You will soon know.

BUCKEYE.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Forty-Sixth Congress — Extra Session.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 9.

Consideration of the bill prohibiting military interference at elections was then resumed.

The bill to prohibit military interference at elections was then passed in the precise form in which it came from the House: Yeas 33, nays 23

On motion of Sen. BECK the Senate took up the House bill making appropriations for the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Departments of the Government and then adjourned until to-morrow.

HOUSE.

Mr. BOYD, from the Committee on Accounts, reported a bill directing the pay of Committee Clerks to be computed from the first day of the session.

The bill gave rise to a long discussion, objection being made to it on the ground that 30 days' extra pay was voted to those who were employes at the close of the last Congress and many of them would be receiving double pay for a portion of the time.

It was denounced by Mr. SPARKS as an outrage on the Treasury and a public wrong.

The morning hour having expired the bill went over.

Mr. COOK, Chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, reported resolutions testifying to the high qualities of the late Rush Clark, of Iowa, who has been a member of that Committee, and directing the Committee on Appropriations to appropriate to the family of the deceased his salary to the close of the Forty sixth Congress. Adopted.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. SPRINGER in the Chair, on the private calendar.

After the passage of one bill, a motion to adjourn over until Monday was rejected.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. TOWNSEND in the Chair, and took up the Senate bill authorizing the employment of three additional assistants in the library of Congress.

After a short debate the Committee rose and the bill passed.

The Senate amendment to the Eads Jetties bill was concurred in.

The House then resumed consideration of the Warner Silver bill, and was addressed by Mr. WARNER in advocacy of the bill and in favor of a double standard.

Mr. HEILMAN opposed the bill. The best thing Congress could do was to do nothing and go home. The world was governed too much, and the papering of the country with bills and resolutions might as well stop for a while.

Mr. WARNER, in the course of the day's debate, stated that he would demand the previous question on Tuesday next.

Mr. Kelley having obtained the floor, the House adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 10.

Sen. EATON introduced (by request) a bill relating to telegraphic communications between the United States and foreign countries.

Consideration was resumed of the bill to make appropriations for the legislative, executive and judicial expenses of the Government for the fiscal year ending June, 1880, and for other purposes.

Sen. BECK, of the Committee on Appropriations, said the bill was substantially the same as agreed to by the Committee of Conference at the former session of Congress, with a few exceptions.

Sen. EDMUNDS inquired whether what is called political legislation is the same as that proposed last year. "Did it differ by enlargement or diminution"

Sen. BECK replied that he was not prepared to answer, as he had not compared the two propositions. The bill to prohibit military interference at election was signed by the President *pro tem.*

It will now be taken to President Hayes for his action on the Senate amendments restoring the compensation of the Senate's officers, clerks and other employes, which the House had reduced.

HOUSE.

A bill was reported from the Committee on the Revision of the laws and passed amending the law relating to writs of prohibition and mandamus, and to the bill relating to the widows of pensioners of the war of 1812, so as to give pensions to women who are a second time widows. Opposition was made to the latter bill as an entire change of the pension laws, and on motion of Mr. Garfield it was referred to the Pension Committee.

The bill prohibiting the presence of the military at places of election was presented as enrolled, and was signed by the Speaker in the absence of the Speaker pro tem of the Senate.

The House Committee on Banking and Currency appointed Buckner, Ewing and Price a sub-committee to examine all the bills referring to the substitution of United States notes for those of the national banks, and report.

At the expiration of the morning hour the consideration was resumed of the Warner silver bill.

Mr. KELLY said it was not specially discreditable to him that he did not know that the purpose of the law of 1873 was to demonetize the standard silver dollar when neither the President who signed the bill, nor the members of his Cabinet were aware of it.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 12.

Consideration was resumed of the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill.

Sen. WINDOM addressed the Senate to show that the policy of the Democrats is revolutionary and unconstitutional. He said the wiser men of the party were overruled by their vicious and reckless party associates. If the wiser men of the party could have prevailed the party would have been saved from much trouble; but King Caucus issued his decree that there should be no stragglers from the lines. Sen. Windom read the remarks of Sen. Beck to show that the Democrats meant to coerce the President, and that the programme was sustained by Sen. Thurman, whom Sen. Windom designated the Cæsar of the caucus. Senator Windom said that toward the close of the session he said to one of the prominent members of the House: "I do not understand why the House should defeat the appropriation bill and thus force an extra session of Congress, as no Congressional elections will be held until after the next session of Congress." The reply was: "If we pass these bills the Government would have money until July, 1880, and would then manage to get along until the election in November. But if we let the bills fail the Government would have money only until June 30, 1878. The Government might get along four months, but could not for sixteen months."

Sen. COKE said the remarks of the Senator being calculated to excite sectional bitterness, would find no reply in what he now had to submit in favor of the sections in the bills bill which proposed to repeal the election laws. He had nothing to do with the past. He dealt with the present and the future. He proposed to show, not who was right and who was wrong in bringing on the civil war or its conduct and results, but to discuss the question whether these election laws were constitutional or not. If unconstitutional, no matter who was wrong in the past, it was right to repeal them now, whatever were the faults of the Democrats or the virtues of the Republicans in the past. After reviewing the President's veto of the Army bill, and pronouncing its premises untenable, Sen. Coke argued that the election laws ought to be repealed because they interfered with the freedom of elections and rudely intruded upon the rights and duties of the States to keep peace at the polls. This was beyond the reach of Federal legislation. He spoke of the election laws as unconstitutional; the election machinery being wrested from where it belonged and placed in the hands of Deputy Marshals and Supervisors to the oppression of the people. He continued that the States are vested with the exclusive power to prescribe the qualifications of voters, and this carried with it the power to protect voters in the enjoyment of the elective franchises under the conditions prescribed, and, in order to do this, machinery must be framed and officers appointed under State laws. If Federal officers, whose duty it is to enforce National laws, are empowered to control elections, then the authority of the States is nullified as it is in the election laws now sought to be repealed and State power overthrown. All history shows that the liberties of the people are safe only in their own keeping.

After executive session the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

Mr. COX called attention to the petition presented by Mr. McCord Saturday and printed in the record, stating that a longer continuance of the session is fraught with danger to peace and with disaster to the financial, commercial and other interests of the country; that the measures inaugurated by Congress threaten revolution and strikes down all safeguards to a free and uninfluenced ballot and that this unprofitable session should be speedily terminated. Cox characterized the petition as an insult to Congress and said he objected to the petition at the time, therefore it should not have been printed. A long discussion ensued, Cox insisting that the petition should be struck out of the records and Conger taking the ground that that would be improper and that the only proper remedy was an expunging of the petition by the action of the House and in order to have that action he insisted that the petition should be read so that he could know what he was voting on.

The Speaker, after quoting precedents in support of his position, stated that the House had control over the Record as much as it had over the journal, and he would, therefore, submit the question to the House. He intimated that if he had his own will about it, he would let the petition stay in the Record for what it is worth. If an objection to the petition had been noted by the reporter and inserted in the report, the petition could not have been printed. In the face of that objection, therefore, the correction of the Record, by inserting the objection, would necessarily exclude the petition. The discussion was protracted.

Finally the question was submitted as to whether the record should be corrected by the insertion of the objection. The Speaker stated such correction would necessarily exclude the petition and the correction was ordered. The Speaker therefore congratulated the minority on the result, as it was a great protection to the minority. The introduction and references of bills was then proceeded with,

A large number of bills were received and referred.

At 2 P. M. a message from the President was received, supposed to be the veto message of the bill prohibiting military interference at the polls.

Mr. F. WOOD (N. Y.) hoped that the President's message would be read at once.

Mr. Bibrel moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill imposing a tax of two per cent on excess of incomes over $2,000, and three per cent. on excess of incomes over $5,000.

Rejected—yeas, 104; nays, 94. Not the necessary two-thirds in the affirmative.

The Speaker then, at 2:50 P. M., laid before the House the President's veto of the Military Interference bill.

There was considerable applause on the Republican side when the sentence was read which insists that the power of the Federal authority to employ troops when necessary should not be interfered with, and there was an incredulous sneer on the Democratic side at the President's assurance that he desired to act in harmony with Congress. The Republican applause was repeated at the reading of the sentences relating to Pres. Jackson's crushing nullification and to Pres. Lincoln issuing his call for troops to save the Union in 1861. Also at the allusion to the hostility of State Governments and again at the suggestion that the bill was an intrusion of State supervision amounting in spirit and tendency to State supremacy.

On the conclusion of the reading Mr. KNOTT offered a motion directing the message to be entered on the journal, and that the House proceed to-morrow to consider the same. Agreed to.

On motion of Mr. F. WOOD (N. Y.), a resolution for the final adjournment of this session on the —— day of May, (date not fixed) was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

Mr. DEERING moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill making appropriations for the support of the army.

Mr. KNOTT thereupon introduced a motion to adjourn, which was defeated, yeas 76; nays 114.

The Democrats voting against adjournment were Messrs. Blackburn, Bliss, Blount, Clymer, Cofroth, Culberson, Felton, Geddes, Martin (W. Va.) Martin (N. C.) Parsons, Poehler, Robertson and Welborn. The Greenbackers voting no were Messrs. De La Matyr, Ford, Jones, Lowe, Murch, Stevenson and Weaver. Ladd voted aye.

The House then proceeded to vote on the motion to suspend the rules and pass the army appropriation bill, being the same introduced to-day by Messrs. Young and Townsend (O.,) the same as the regular House bill with the sixth and ninth sections stricken out.

The motion was rejected—yeas, 101; nays, 109. As between the Democrats and Republicans, it was a strict party vote, the Democrats all voting "no," and the Republicans all voting "aye," Of the Greenbackers, De La Matyr, Ford, Gillette, Jones, Lowe, Murch, Stevenson and Weaver voted aye, and Ladd nay. The result of the vote was greeted with clapping of hands on the Democratic side and with counter demonstrations on the Republican side.

The House, at 4:30, adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 13.

The Committee on Finance to day, considered the House bill concerning subsidiary coins, and authorized Sen. Bayard to report it back to the Senate with a recommendation for its passage with two amendments. One fixes the amount for which subsidiary silver coins shall hereafter be legal tender in full payment of all dues public and private at $10, instead of $20 as proposed by the House of Representatives, or $5 as provided by the existing law. The second amendment makes the provision of the fourth section of the bill applicable only to silver coins of face value of 25 cents and under.

Sen. BAYARD reported favorably from the Committee on Finance, the House bill for the exchange of subsidiary coin for legal tender money, and asked for its consideration. It went over under objection.

Consideration was resumed of the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill.

HOUSE.

Mr. SHELBY made a personal explanation, asserting that the election was peaceable and fair; that there had been no interference with any voters, and no disturbance or disorder on the day of election, growing out of the election.

Mr. RUSSELL followed with a personal explanation in answer to speeches recently made by Messrs. Kitchin and Davidson.

He made a severe attack on Kitchin, who, he said, was in possession of his seat and drawing a salary to which he was in no way entitled, and to whom he referred as a gentleman, so called by courtesy of the House. This called forth a fierce speech from Kitchin, who referred to his colleague as one of those men from the South who had deserted their race and country and bone and flesh and joined the rag tag and bob tail of creation.

Mr. Kitchin, called to order by Mr. Stevenson, then continued in a moderate manner, characterizing, however, several of the charges made by Mr. Russell as totally false. He asked Russell if he had not been court-martialed and dismissed from the Confederate service, to which Mr. Russell replied that he had been, but that it was for whipping a conscription officer, and that he had been restored to the Confederate service by Jefferson Davis. This raised a laugh at Mr. Kitchin and when he was about to reply he was cut off by a point of order made by Mr. Gibson and sustained by the Speaker, that he was not making a personal explanation.

Mr. DAVIDSON followed with his personal explanation, and denounced as false the statement made by Mr. Russell.

Mr. KNOTT then called up the veto message and demanded the previous question on the passage of the Military Interference bill over the President's veto. The previous question was seconded and the House proceeded to vote.

The result of the vote was yeas 137, nays 97, so three not being the two-thirds majority required by the Constitution, the bill was rejected.

Ten of the Greenbackers voted in the affirmative; the other three—Barlow, Forsyth and Russell—not voting.

The veto message was then referred to the Judiciary Committee.

Not Too Soon.

Richmond (Va.) Whig (Dem.)

It is not too soon to express our opinion that, if Mr. Tilden wins, the Democratic party loses.

Caught at Last.

The notorious depredator Kate Arch, who has for so many years eluded the most accomplished and skillful detectives, has been caught at last in Buffalo, N. Y. For further particulars, ask your druggist for a bottle of Dr Sage's Catarrh Remedy, admitted to be the best remedy for catarrh yet compounded.

AUSTRALIAN INSECTICIDE—The great destroyer of Bed Bugs, Moths, Cockroaches, and all insects, has stood the test of 20 years in warm climates, and been awarded medals for superior excellence. For removing Parasites from domestic animals, poultry and growing plants, "INSECTICIDE" cannot be excelled. The following letter from a prominent Bank Cashier speaks for itself:

MANUFACTURERS' BANK OF MILWAUKEE,
MILWAUKEE, May 9, 1879.

Messrs. Marshall & Co.:

GENTS—I was recommended by one of our prominent wholesale druggists to use AUSTRALIAN INSECTICIDE for the purpose of destroying vermin on a valuable cow. I am happy to inform you that I found your "Insecticide" to be a complete success in this instance, and take pleasure in recommending it.

Yours truly, W. S. CANDEE, Cashier.

AUSTRALIAN INSECTICIDE is put up in neat air-tight packages at 25c, 40c and 75c per package. To prevent bed bugs during the Summer, *now* is the time to use it. Sent to any address on receipt of price, by MARSHALL & Co., Milwaukee.

Fortune's Wheel.—*Alfred Tennyson.*

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm and cloud—
Thy wheel we neither love nor hate.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are proud.

"Smile, and we smile, the lords of many hands,
Frown, and we smile, the lords of our own hands,
For man is man, and master of his fate."

The next grand Semi-Annual Distribution of the Louisiana State Lottery is at noon on Tuesday, June 17th, at New Orleans, under the sole management of Gens. Beauregard and Early. The prizes amount to over half a million, and tickets are ten dollars, with proportional fractions down to tenths. For information, address M. A. DAUPHIN, P. O. Box 692, New Orleans, La.

BE IN TIME.

Ninth Popular Drawing Commonwealth Distribution Co., at Louisville, Ky., May 31st—May 31st.

The time for the Ninth Drawing of this popular Company is rapidly approaching. Now is the time to seek Fortune's favors. The same popular scheme will again be presented, viz: 1,960 prizes, amounting to $12,400. Prominent citizens of well known integrity will conduct the Drawing in the presence of the audience.

Tickets are only $2.

Send orders to P. J. COMMERFORD, Secretary, Courier Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.

Fearless Railway Threshing Machine.

We call the attention of farmers and threshermen to the advertisement of the Fearless Horse Power and Thresher and Cleaner, elsewhere in this number of our paper. This machine is the only one that received an award on both horse-power and thresher and cleaner at the Centennial Exhibition, and ranks as best of its class. An ex-President of the New York State Agricultural Society said of Harder's machines, "They are the best ever made," and the same testimony has been borne by equally good authority time and again.

For further information send to MINARD HARDER, Cobleskill, N. Y.

A Wise Deacon.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family so well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors running to us so long."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time and kept my family well and saved large doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time, and I will warrant it has cost you and most of the neighbors one or two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time. I guess you'll take my medicine hereafter." See other column.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had given him, by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, throat and lung affections, also a positive cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive I will mail, free to all who desire, this recipe in German or English, with directions for use. Address with stamp, naming this paper, M. C. ROSE, 154 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

A good revolver is frequently a very comforting and convenient article to have, even for law-abiding people. Messrs. J. W. TURNER & ROSS in another column offer for sale a new pattern of revolver called the "Czar," which they claim combines all the latest improvements, and is sold at a price which renders it accessible to every one. In these days, when tramps and burglars are abroad, every woman ought to have a good revolver and to know how to use it. In addition to its efficiency as a weapon, the "Czar" is said to be a very handsome article, and the firm guarantees that it will give satisfaction.

THE "Granger" Family Fruit Dryer dries fruits and vegetables in two hours, on a new and novel plan, highly commended where used. Prices, $3.00, $4.50, $7.50. Descriptive circulars. Agents. Territorial rights. Address L. GRANGER, Armada, Mich.

THE illustrated advertisement of the Aultman & Taylor Company, which has attracted so much attention in this BLADE April 10th and 24th, May 8th and 22d, June 5th and 19th, July 3d and 10th. We ask our farmer and thresher friends to examine it.

HEARING RESTORED. — Particulars free. VERRY & HARPER, Madison, Ind.

CALIFORNIA CONSTITUTION.

The Returns From San Francisco and Elsewhere Indicate that the New One will be Adopted

SAN FRANCISCO, May 8.—The returns of the election as the count has progressed are a complete surprise. The City, instead of giving 10,000 or there about against the new Constitution gives a majority of less than 2,000 with returns nearly complete. The returns from the country are incomplete, but indicate that while Alameda, Sacramento, Santa Clara and most of the mining Counties have gone against it early all the other agricultural Counties have gone heavily for it. As far as heard from, the City and State now stand 5,300 in favor of adoption, with a chance of that majority going materially increased. A disturbance was feared in the City early in the evening, but it soon quieted down, merely a few fights occurring. The workingmen are jubilant over what they consider their own particular victory.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 11.—Since the election resulting in the adoption of the new Constitution, a project has been sprung to organize a third party to be called the Constitutional party, with the object of electing a Legislature and State officers that will proceed to put in force the provisions of the new instrument. At a meeting of the Ward Presidents of the Workingmen's party to day, and at the Sand Lots, this proposition was

The Household.

Correspondents writing for this Department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write Household Department on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Post Office address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper, write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Notes from Shirley Dare.

Some one was asking for a recipe for making ink. I send one which has been used in our family for a long time, and makes a good durable ink which does not corrode pens. It is a red-ish color at first, but soon turns jet black on exposure.

Boil one pound of logwood one hour in a gallon of water; then add 24 grains each chromate of potash and 12 grains of prussiate of potash. Stir till dissolved over the fire, then take off, and when settled, strain for use.

Some of Miss Corson's salad recipes and creams will be acceptable now, that every one craves sour and fresh things. Among the vegetables the French use for salad are tender mustard tops, cress, chives, spearmint, young dandelion leaves, leeks, nasturtiums, sorrel and peppergrass, so that one can hardly be without something to answer the appetite for green things. These are all to be uncooked, being washed thoroughly, and picked to bits with the fingers or cut with a silver knife, as steel injures the taste.

CREAM DRESSING—Where oil is disliked in salads rub the yolks of two hard boiled eggs fine with a spoon, mix with them a dessert spoonful of made mustard, then stir in a tablespoonful of melted butter, half a teacupful of thick sweet cream, a salt spoonful of salt and a pinch of cayenne with vinegar enough to reduce all to a smooth, creamy state. Pour it upon lettuce or other salad ready for the table.

HOT SALAD SAUCE.—When cold, a good and economical substitute for the mayonnaise. Melt two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour over the fire, and then add gradually half a pint of boiling water, stirring smooth and adding a teaspoonful of salt and a quarter as much pepper. Set away from the fire, while the following sauce is made: To the yolk of one raw egg add a teaspoonful of mustard, a pinch of salt and nutmeg, and one shake of the cayenne cruet; mix, and add a few drops at a time, three tablespoonfuls of oil and two of vinegar. Pour the cream first made into this, and mix well. It will keep a week in a cool place. To be used on salads like common dressing.

Wouldn't Dott like some plain dishes with all the sweet cake recipes so literally sent her? I have marked a dozen new ones for trial, in different books, but spare you more than one or two at a time.

STEWED KIDNEYS.—Cut a large beef kidney in thin slices, fry four heaping tablespoonfuls of chopped onion in two tablespoonfuls of butter, or nice beef or mutton fat, till light yellow, add the kidney and fry with the onion, shaking the pan often to keep it from burning. Stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, and brown; season with one-half tablespoonful of salt, a third as much pepper, and as much of powdered thyme, sage, or sweet majoram as of salt and half a pint or more of boiling water. Stir and cook ten minutes longer, and serve on a hot plate at once, as the kidney grows tough by standing.

FOR CALF'S OR SHEEP'S LIVER, OR BREAST OF VEAL.—Lay in a dripping pan four tablespoonfuls of chopped carrot, as much onion, and half as much fine suet, half a teaspoonful of salt, pepper to taste, three or four shakes of the tin, kitchen pepper-box is my rule for peppering most dishes,—half a teaspoonful of thyme sage or savory, and a pinch of ground clove. Lay the meat over this bed of vegetables, and cover with thin slices of bacon or mutton fat, well salted, to supply juice to relieve the dryness of the meat. Pour a teacupful of water into the pan and bake in a well heated oven an hour. Add more water or some cold gravy when done, let it simmer a few minutes, and serve the meat and vegetables separately. This is a savory way of dressing cheap pieces of meat. The leaf fat on the breast of lamb or mutton will be found a delicate substitute for lard or bacon fat for all purposes of cookery, and often for butter. It is not the sort of tallow, but the fat, which is soft as lard, very sweet and nice for frying. The Bible speaks often of "the fat of lambs," but I never knew how much literal significance there was in the text till its savory fragrance filled the room, in cooking the breast of a lamb.

Now if Dott writes that she finds these recipes not fit to set before her husband, and more like food for savage tribes than civilized beings, and that Miss Corson or I ought to be mobbed for getting up such messes, I shall take it for pleasantry, like Mrs. Burgess' remarks on pea soup. People this way don't talk so unless they mean to be disagreeable, and then they stand up to it, and talk as much as they please. But I have too much respect for myself to wound the self-respect of others, unless attacked, when the cats I hope we all hold teaches that not to defend ourselves proves the source of silent beneath contempt, or that we don't feel ourselves worth defending, which is nothing absolves one from the duty of answering a disrespect shown wittingly or unwittingly to an absent friend. I have come to years of sufficient discretion to know when I offer any one a seat an afront for which one is intended for me, and I shall not take it on myself to cry on others for courtesy, as is usually done by one who has disregarded it. There is no surer cure to misrepresentation and discourtesy than a prompt retort, and I offer this quotation from Lacourriere:

"Judge the affront you give by the affront you receive in return. And learn to coach courteous intent in courteous phrase."

If women imagined themselves saying face to face the things they write to each other, there would be a different tone to a good many letters in the House old departments of different newspapers.

I can't help feeling sorry for the two brothers with shiftless wives, and for the women with unkind husbands who in their misery appeal to the Household—the more that so few have insight enough to feel for circumstances so different from their own happy lot. There is no violation of privacy or of the sacredness of marriage in thus appealing to those unseen and unknown for help and sympathy than there is in stricken hearts crying to those in the spiritual world for pity and support. We ought to feel that a sacred claim is laid upon us all for the consideration and sympathy we can give, and that we are permitted to join the work of invisible ministers to those oppressed with troubles. Women with good husbands who make their wives' word their law are hardly generous in showing such scant consideration for others less favorite. People seem to measure all circumstances by their own, and dealing judgment according to their own case. The women who have kind husbands, whom they would not complain of for the world, ignore the fact that there are coarse and brutal husbands, who take delight in wounding their wives' sensibilities. There are bad sons and bad brothers, and such men make bad husbands. And to thrust back the appeal of a desperate woman, who makes a last appeal to her sisters for sympathy and advice and tell her to bear her misery alone in silence is most ungrateful in more fortunate women. The two brothers must feel as if they had applied at the wrong shop for advice. The young wife who remembers her own western experience when she helped her husband lovingly to make the best of everything, immediately imagines the two wives like herself, delicate and lonely, with two surly unfeeling husbands, when the case is clearly the other way. Young healthy women without families, ought to be able to do the work of one house without making their husbands burdened with the work of a new farm take hold of housework, and men who give their wives all they can make, and never say a cross word to them and get their own breakfasts, and look after themselves are not bad husbands in any sense. They seem to have bad bargains in wives, and if kindness and appeals to the lazy sisters do not make pleasanter wives of them, no human or divine law obliges them to endure such women. They may not be able to marry other wives, and they may have to support the present ones, but they will have the comfort of doing their own housework and living in peace. Men and women don't complain of their "partners" as the old phrase has it, till patience and pride are both worn out. If the girls have decent parents, an appeal to them and advice from them, might bring them to understand that they were throwing away the regard of good husbands recklessly and wickedly, and their own good name as well.

I wish to say to those who sent for the stove polish, that it is now possible to supply them without delay. The boxes were sent back from the Postoffice once, with word that being put up in tin boxes they could not go by mail. This was manifestly incorrect, as the Postoffice regulations provide that certain things shall only go in tin boxes. The polish was opened and passed by the mailing clerk at the General Postoffice, and I hoped the senders were proving its virtues, when they began to return postoffice circulars notifying them that certain boxes of stove polish directed to them were lying in the office at New York. If any one's polish is spoiled, how good a reason need not be so filthy in its use as some of the good sisters would have us believe. As for tobacco killing any one, either directly or indirectly, I am not willing to admit. The oldest persons I have ever known were tobacco users. My grandfather lived to 90 and his wife to 92 or 93, and both used it from youth. A son of theirs, recently deceased, at 84, had used tobacco from his 18th year.

It it caused the death of these persons, it at least, allowed them to linger along quite a good while. Tobacco chewers as a class are more generous than those who do not chew. Did you ever know a man to refuse another a chew of tobacco? He will divide his last morsel with one who is out. For all this do not understand that I advise any one to begin its use. Long life is desirable it is true, but you may attain to a good old age and still refrain from its use.

I made my home with a family some years ago, where the lady was so neat and tidy and so anxious to keep everything nice, that she really made the place uncomfortable. The husband was a good provider and they were able to provide all that was necessary for their comfort. A little stain on the carpet or a scratch on the wall kept this woman in a continual worry. A fear that something would go wrong on the morrow, her constant anxiety that everything should be kept bright and new, occupied all her waking hours and left no time to devote to promoting the real comfort of husband and child. She made home attractive to look at, but not the best kind of a home for all tha

God pity those "miserably married brothers!" If they are just writing up an imaginary case, they should be credited with possessing a fair portion of inventive genius. But if their case is real—well, sister Fanny says she would not publish to the world that she was so weak-minded as to be deceived by such silly creatures.

I cook rice, oatmeal or cracked wheat in a small tin pail set in a pot of boiling water. It don't burn and it don't stick to the pail. Buttering the pan or dish in which to cook puddings, or warm up any of the articles named, helps to prevent their sticking and makes dish washing easier. Washing dishes is not a very irksome task, but with me, "thrift is money," and I adopt every man's plan that will hasten the operation.

JOE NORRIS.

Independence, Kas.

Household Chat.

Bessie Victor, thank you for your clear, concise letter. It is full of pith and truth. Shermie, I'd like to know you: I am in Kansas, too. Kate, you evidently know how it is; hope every parent will heed your advice. Sam Handwitch, you're most as good as a sam sandwich when one's hungry: come again; am glad we are getting some more teachers to "speak out in meeting."

Thanks, Prairie, for your good opinion, but perhaps you'd tire of letters every week. I believe young folks have a jolly time when Aunt Mary is about.

Will L. Aldrich, my address has been in the BLADE with every letter I write. It is changed now; notice this letter.

Vic.—Have you ever tried washing your hands with cocoa soap, then in vinegar or lemon juice. Then oatmeal gruel is good, so is kerosene oil, but best of all, is to wash them with cocoa soap at night, wash with lemon juice and slip on oil cloth mittens spoken of in April 17.

A small tablespoonful of sprits of ammonia helps bread wonderfully. Put it in just before stiffening the dough.

Alcyone—Will write you soon.

E. P. Bothwell—Allow me to say amen to your last letter.

Tobacco! I am afraid it will end like dancing, every one do as they please any how; only girls if you can get a man that does not chew, take him in preference to one that does. It does not have a tendency to refine any one. Medical science has pronounced it deadly poison, and I never knew that God held the man who killed himself instantly any guiltier than the slower suiciding of years by tobacco, opium, whisky, or similar injurious things.

I'll have to tell you something to pay for all the above nonsense, so here it is: For cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, or summer complaints, the following prescription will be found invaluable; children are benefitted by it: ¼ oz. extract blackberry root; 1 oz. Turkey rhubarb, 4 oz. brandy; mix and shake well. For severe pain take two or three tablespoonfuls; it will not injure at all.

Addie S., keep on thinking just as you do, only more so.

To those troubled with ulcers or sore mouth, use scraped potato.

Travelers, carry lemons with you and whenever you are thirsty, put lemon juice in the water before drinking and you will experience no bad effects from change of water.

A sheet of writing paper placed over the pit of the stomach next the skin, will prevent sickness from carriding. Senna leaves and raisins chewed together are good for sick headache and constipation.

WOODMOSS.

Leslie, Reno County, Kan.

Croquet vice Kissing.

I like "Sam Handwich," an in favor of "substitution." I think the above named gentleman's suggestion a very good one, and should be glad to see it universally adopted. I have had some experience in musical and literary societies.

One of the former has been held in an adjoining neighborhood, for two years past, holding their meetings semi-monthly, at private houses, (by invitation of course.) The meeting consisting of music, (instrumental and vocal,) with frequent intermissions for sociality and gossip.

We all vote them splendid! in fact don't know how we could do without them.

It also seems to me we might turn our attention to Croquet, both parlor and lawn, which I think would be an improvement on dancing and kissing bees.

Let us hear from others on the subject.

FARMER'S BOY.

Northfield, Ia.

A Word for Him.

Dear Sisters:—What is the use finding fault with that "Husband of Mine?" He must have some good about him—besides, who can blame him for liking mine" is good as can be; he subscribed for the BLADE last year just to please me—this year he is going to renew the subscription to please us both.

If the sister who was suffering from neuralgia hasn't found relief yet, will write to me. I will tell her something to get that will help her.

Rosemond E., I'll send you my recipe for brown bread on a postal card, if you wish.

I wish some one would tell me how to clean my switch; it is dull and lusterless from lying a long time without being used; also, how to prepare coatings to weave. MRS. M. C. SCOTT.

Don't be partial Mrs. Scott—give us all the benefit of your brown bread recipe.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

A Pretty Cross.

Make a wooden cross the size you wish, cover closely with white paper or calico, then with the white of an egg beat to a stiff froth, put all over the cross, have some glass powdered and sprinkle all over until it is thickly covered, then trail a vine around it. Ivy leaves or old artificial leaves make a very pretty wreath. Take a paste board box and cut the corner off, with the bottom and all have it the size of your cross, then slope the sides up to the back corner of the bracket, cover it over nicely with green moss or gray. Put in the corner of your room tacking a small lathe under the front edge of your bracket to bear the weight of your cross. Place your cross on it and you have a pretty ornament. If any one would like any more explicit explanation write to me and I will send it; I have one and it has been admired very much. ANNA E. K.

Plymouth N. C.

Write to Me.

Write to me very often,
Write to me very soon:
Letters to me are dearer
Than the loveliest flowers in June;
They are affection's touches,
Lighting of Friendship's lamp,
Flitting around the heart-strings
Like fire-flies in the damp.

Write while the stars are beaming
Bright in the azure sky,
When through the fading forest
Cold the wild winds sigh;
Draw up thy little table
Close to the fire, and write;
Write to me soon in the morning,
Or write to me late at night.

Write to me very often:
Letters are links that bind
Truthful hearts to each other,
Fettering mind to mind;
Giving to kindly spirits
Lasting and true delight:
If ye would strengthen friendship,
Never forget to write.

T. P. S.

Holmdel, N. J.

Argumentum ad Feminam.

Tell those "miserably married brothers" to procure some good switches of the birch order, not jute, and apply them vigorously upon those wives of theirs, and note the effects. They have been petted too much by their husbands. Some people can love and correct at the same time. This is the genuine true affection that our Heavenly Father sees fit to bestow upon His people here on earth. Many of the fair sex ought to serve their lazy husbands by this rule.

N. H. L.

Exchanges, Inquiries, Etc.

Music Teacher: Yes, I can; send address to FRED HULCE, Weir, Marathon Co., Wis.

Do any of you know anything that will take off warts, if so please let us know and oblige—SADIE.

Will "Wild Touch-me-not" please send her address to—CHARLEY WOOD, Our Carter, Pratt Co., Kan.

I would like to exchange different flower seeds and bulbs for geodes, spars and all sorts of curious stones.—ELMER FORNSHELL, Camden, Ohio.

I have books as good as new which I will exchange for standard works. Send postal card stating what you have. —F. F. LEWIS, Whitewater, Wis.

Will some one send me directions for making a watch guard. In return I will send a photograph frame in cardboard.—Box 73, Utica, Licking Co., O.

I should like very much to hear from those to whom I sent "Mexican Centaurea seed," whether they prove a success or not in the North.—FANNIE A. A,. Bear Creek, Texas.

I have some flower seeds to exchange; also quilt patches, either worsted or calico. Can any one tell me what is good for the asthma?—A LOVER OF FLOWERS, Pleasanton, Athens County, O.

Some lady wished an elephant pattern. I have elephant, rabbit and bird patterns that I will send in exchange for calico pieces. Also a large apron pattern.—J. A. E. Humiston, Farlinville, Linn County, Kan.

I will exchange five sorts of ferns for anything from canton flannel pigs and dogs to seeds, except patterns; geological specimens, shells, and mosses would be very acceptable.—QUEEN QUERY, South West City, McDonald Co., Mo.

I have the Household cut out of all the BLADE'S of '78, would like to exchange for a book entitled "How He Won Her," by Mrs. Southworth, no matter how much it is worn so the pages are all there.—MRS. R. H. DELA, Brongh, Iowa.

I have for exchange a quilt (all ready for quilting) called the oak leaf; also a microscope put up in a box and all complete (cost $8) to exchange for works of fiction, poetry, or travels (bound)—MRS. R. KNOWLTON, Hutchinson, McLeod Co., Minn.

I have a lot of books and music for exchange. I would like to see the question as to the utility or otherwise of the study of the dead languages, discussed in the Household Department by school teachers and others.—WALTER N. EOWEN, Guelph, Kan.

Tell that 15 year-old music teacher that if she will send address I will send her the words of "Pass Under the Rod." I cannot furnish the music. Can any one furnish me with the words to "Old Rosin the Bow?"—FRANK HOFFERMAN, Mulberry, Mo.

I have crocus, lily, hyacinth, snowdrop, peony and a few very small bulbs of an amyllis which I wish to exchange for moss-agates, geodes, fine sea shells, and any fine geological or mineral specimens. I will also send for roots.—S. A. Little, Clyde, Wayne County, New York.

I would like to exchange bulbs, such as lilies, pot and parlor lilies of different kinds; also gladiolus of several colors. I want mosses of all kinds such as the white resurrection and southern mosses of various kinds, and I would like some mistletoe.—MRS. M. A. DEARMOND, Fortville, Hancock County, Ind.

I saw a notice in Household column of a lady in Arcadia wishing to exchange some mineral specimens for sea moss. If the lady will send me her address I will send her some dried moss (not prepared) in exchange for specimens.—ANDREW J. COLE, San Buena Ventura, Ventura County, Cal.

I have excellent specimens, mostly fossils, of the Chemung group, and also many fine fern impressions of the carboniferous period, which I will exchange for other minerals, fossils, Indian and mound builders' relics, and useful books.—A. STAPLETON, East Point, Penn.

That husband of mine is a geologist, and says tell Mrs. E. O. B. Stone that he will exchange specimens with her, also, tell E. C. Howe, if old copies of Harpers, Godey's, Petersons or any most any other magazine will suit him, he can exchange his specimens with Clark Arnold, Bear Creek, Parker Co., Texas.

Will some one give a sure and speedy cure for caked breast and sore nipples, as my breast has been caked for six weeks and is no better. I have done everything that I could think of, and also had two doctors and all has failed to give me relief. Also would like to know what is good for rheumatism.—I. M. T., Covel, McLean Co., Ill.

I will send a recipe for crystalizing or coloring dry grasses for winter bouquets, wreaths, etc. very beautiful. Has taken the premium at a number of fairs, wherever exhibited. I will exchange for sheet music, in good condition, flower seeds, pattern of every good kinds for children, or ornaments for the wall.—MRS. D. R. CAMPBELL, Wall street, Linn Co., Kan.

I have the three last volumes of Youth's Companion, in good condition, to exchange for geological specimens. I want fossils and other good specimens for a cabinet. Please tell me by postal card what your package is worth, (not to exceed 35 or 40 cents) and I will send the value in papers immediately. Specimens need not be large.—FRANK E. MCBRIDE, Box 3, Mansfield, Ohio.

Will some one send me an elephant pattern; in exchange I will send a bird or dog pattern; I have some all tea seeds I would like to exchange for sweet peas, all colors; I can supply Robin Redbreast with "The Mystery of Blackwood Grange" if she will address me; I have some very pretty gimp tatting to exchange for something of equal value; also other things.—MISS LUCRETIA BALDWIN, Sabetha, Kan.

I have all but four numbers of Peterson's Magazines containing the story of "The Mystery of Blackwood Grange." I would like slips of house plants and sprout of trailing arbutus. Will exchange music or patterns for plants, or pattern for letter-receiver in perforated card board. "Music Teacher," I can furnish you with "Pass Under the Rod." It is not in a very good condition but the music is all there.—MISS LILLIE, Box 42, McBride, Montcalm Co., Mich.

Our Young Folks.

Gabe's Sunday Out.

BY MARY E. C. WYETH.

"Jenny, for pity's sake, do see what ails that boy," said Mr. Chamberlaine, on one of those sultry August afternoons when life itself seemed almost insupportable, so oppressive was the scorching heat. "The idea of anybody exerting himself, such weather as this, sufficiently to howl in that uproarious manner is simply overcoming. I suppose he's pounded his fingers, as usual, instead of the brick dust. Do tie up his wounds and buy up his silence, somehow or other," said the lady, languidly.

"Oh, Mamma!" laughed Jenny. "What a *diplomat* you would make. Let him have his way, is the burden of your refrain always with that boy. Well, I'll let him have it; only I'll banish him to the stable loft, for the enjoyment of it. He can howl to the fresh young squabs there."

"Don't, Jenny; don't," said Mrs. Chamberlaine, in tones of real concern. "He'll roast alive."

"Then the pigeons can eat him," laughed Jenny, as she sped down stairs to attend to the case of Master Gabriel Blennerhasset, who was sitting forlornly in the wood house door, his eyes lifted up and fixed upon vacancy; his voice also lifted up and uttering the most dismal howls. Miss Jenny walked up behind the pre occupied lad and boxed his ears smartly.

"Good golly! Miss Jinny. Is dat yo?" whined the boy, rubbing his cheek. "Han' feel zackly like cotton. White lacy's han's ain't fitten fo' cuff black nigga jaws. Isn't I tole you dat 'bout t'ousan' millium time?"

"What do you mean by this outrageous noise?" said Miss Jenny. "Do you think I'll allow you to raise the neighborhood in any such manner as this?"

"No, Miss Jinny. Yo nebber dus 'low me for race 'roun' de neighb'hood, de way yo' dus dat 'ar Irish lady in de kitchin yander. Dat wots de matter. She dun gone dis berry minnit. An' she hab Sund'y out eber oder Sund'y. An' ole Gabe nebber dus git Sund'y out. Dat what he cryin' 'bout, Miss Jinny."

"*What* are you crying about?" asked Jenny sharply.

"Bout Sund'y out, Miss Jinny—jis like das 'ar Irish lady gits.'

"Now what put that into your stupid head?" asked Jenny, laughing, in spite of herself. "Aren't you out every Sunday of your life, silly?"

"Laws! Miss Jinny, jis ter de Nigga Sund'y-school, an' ter de class-meetin', an de 'pra'-meetin'. Dat all. Dat ar ain't de sort o' Sund'y out dat Irish lady gits. Didn't ole Gabe hear ner tellin' Marse Major Linkum's Pat as how she cun got sich a fine place ter de Cap'n's? Say she git tin dollars de month, an' a wife cub uv a bsytnin Nagur frowed in for ter do de duty wuk. Dat jis what she say, clar to goodniss! Miss Jinny, An', Miss Jinny,

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once into the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems, and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the room necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper for the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms, or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate sheets. Questions for this department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books.

J. S. B., Sandy Lake, Pa.: See paragraphs at the head of this department.

JESS A. B., Corre Gordo, KANS.: Send $1.10 to Lee & Shepard, Boston, they will send you a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin, post-paid.

R. D. H., Sparta, O.: We have on our list "The Ladies' Guide to Gentility," regular price $1.50; sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

S. D. CASE, Toledo, Ohio, would like the address of Amos Binkle, formerly of Rochester, Ind., and C. A. Kramer, formerly of Columbiana, Ohio.

A. H., Transit, Minn.: You must excuse us if we decline to go into the field of theological inquiry, or attempt to handle any disputed theological question.

A. T. F., Ludlow, Ill.—The book you want is "Prayers for the use of Families," in the BLADE Book Catalogue. Regular price, $1.00; sent by mail postpaid for 80c.

F. B. K., Carthage, Ill.: Write to the Superintendent Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., or to Hon. R. W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

F. B. P., Saybrook, Ills.: We know of no Dental College where a student can earn board and tuition by labor on the grounds of the institution. Perhaps some of our readers do.

N. B. McL., Addison, Mich.: Mr. Nasby has never published a book with the title you name. "A Paper City" is his latest book, and many who have read it regard it as his best.

PETEY ROGERS, Scotch Ridge, O., asks: "Can any one inform me as to the whereabouts of the John R. Horan family? When last heard from they were in Brooklyn, N. Y."

W. J. SHARP, New Bedford, Pa., wishes to learn the whereabouts of John L. Hollopeter, of Irving, formerly Chief Signal Officer of the 14th Army Corps, Department of the Cumberland.

J. McL., Oelwein, Iowa: If you will write to Mr. Chandler himself, at Washington, U. S. Senate, he will undoubtedly take pleasure in mailing you a copy of the speech in question.

W. L. C., Lentin, Mo.: 1. The firm you name does not appear among the present Boston publishers. 2. We may add the books you name to our catalogue; we cannot say positively at present.

TIM. Wordington, O., asks: "Is the process of making the 'eggs of Pharaoh's serpent' patented, or the recipe copyrighted?"—It is not. You may find it in almost any good book on fire-works.

MRS. W. H. SIMPSON, Jacksonville, O., writes: Information is wanted as to the whereabouts of my father, Reuel Johns, and my sister and brother. My mother died when I was small. By some way I was separated from the rest.

J. J. THOMAS, Parkerville, Kan., wishes to know the address of H. Shepard, late a Captain of Co. A, 123d Regt., Ill. Vol. Inf., Also, that of Second Lieut. Higgins, same Company and Regiment. When last heard of they lived in Mendota, Ill.

JAMES B., Arkansas, Wash. Ter.—1. Several other authors illustrate their works on grammar by diagrams. Write to D. Appleton & Co., New York. 2. John Wesley never made a translation of the Bible. 3. He did not say that he life had been a failure.

C. G. N., Carlyle, Kan.—We repeat what we have stated several times of late, that the Indian Territory is not open for settlement. The Government has recently purchased some land of the Indians in the Territory, but proposes to retain it for the present.

H. S., Proctorville, Mo., writes: "A correspondent of your paper wished to know the prospect for school teachers in Missouri. In this place (Caldwell Co.) there are three teachers for every district, on an average, in 8 districts that have come under my notice. Wages here are from $12 to $35 per month for common schools."

URE, Rushford, N. Y.: The decrease of students at the college you name is owing chiefly to the stringency of the times, and the necessity which has come upon so many young men in doing something to aid in earning their own livelihood. 2. We cannot undertake to advise you as between Yale, Harvard and Cornell. 3. None, so far as we know.

J. W. L., Patriot, Ind., asks: "What is the proper pronunciation of 'Don Quixote?' I have heard it pronounced 'Keeote.' Now, we wish you to give us the proper pronunciation in your next, plainly, so we will not mistake the meaning."—The accepted Spanish pronunciation is as though the word were spelled Key ho-tay, with the accent on the second syllable.

J. H. C. A. HOWARD, Peoria, Or., asks: "1. Will you please give me, through Correspondents' Column, the address of some reliable Pension Agent? 2. Also, will some of your many readers give me the address of Dr. Firestone, First Surgeon of First Ohio Heavy Artillery? Also, Henry C. Bard, Assistant Surgeon of same regiment?"—1. T. W. Tallmadge, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C.

JOHN H. FRANZ, Wilshire, O., asks: "Can any of the worthy readers of the BLADE tell me anything about a young man by the name of George Fendell, who left home about two years ago; 25 years old past, medium size, light hair, blue eyes, a little freckled across the nose; was crippled in the right arm and hand, when he left home. Any one giving me any information will confer a favor on the father of the boy."

THOMAS J., Brownsville, Ind., asks: "What is your opinion of the study of Latin? Would you advise one who intends to be a professional man to study it? For instance, in your profession—an editor—is it beneficial to you, or is it a needless study?"—A man who intends to follow journalism, or any other of the liberal professions, will find Latin of great use to him, if not absolutely indispensable. We advise you to study the language enough to understand its connection with our own, if not enough to read it fluently in the original.

QUAKER BOY, Moorestown, N. J., wishes to obtain information of the whereabouts of H. E. Palmer, late Captain Co. A., 11th Kansas Volunteers, with a view to pension affidavits; also, of any of the company or regiment who were disabled by the long march from Leavenworth to the front in 1862; also, of any of the 11th Kansas regiment residing in or near Philadelphia, Pa.

P. S. A., Port Trenton, Pa., writes: "In your issue of 24th ult., in a communication signed S. D. Nichols, Iowa, asking, 'Is Col. John Mosby, late a Confederate officer, holding a position under the United States Government?' You answered, 'Not that we are aware of.' Permit me to state that Col. Mosby is at present U. S. Consul at Hong Kong, having recently been appointed to that position by the President."'—Mr. A. is correct. The fact of Mosby's appointment escaped our memory at the time of the inquiry.

A. T. R., Tampas Station, Cal., asks: "Is there any chance of getting Gen. J. A. Garfield nominated for our next President? I, for one, would like to have him not only nominated, but elected."—The editor is not a prophet, nor would he like to hazard his judgment on anything so uncertain as the Presidential ticket of 1880. Mr. Garfield is quite prominent and influential in the ranks of the Republican party, and an Ohio man besides. We have no hesitation in saying that if nominated he would und ubtedly be elected.

A. C. POWELL, Hannahville, W. Va., writes: "I would say in reply to J. M. C., Beloit, Wis., who asks about land in the new counties of West Virginia, that land in this County is good, bad and indifferent. Some is the best in the State, some is level prairie, some steep, and some straight up. Best of water, all kinds of timber, poplar, ash, oak, hickory, maple, beech, pine chestnut, hickory, etc. All kinds of grain are cultivated here. Summer hot, and winter cold; health good here as anywhere else. Plenty of land for sale; room for 1,000 Republicans. Don't want any Democrats. Too many now."

L. J., Fulda, Kans., asks: "1. What would be the cost of two telephones and one-half mile of wire, and where can they be bought the cheapest? 2. To whom can I write regarding pension business?"—1. It will depend entirely on what kind of an instrument you obtain. Some of them are only rented, while others are sold outright. The Bell, Gray and Edison are the leading kinds. A very good telephone for the money was advertised in the BLADE only a few weeks ago. Please look over your back numbers. 2. Write to T. W. Talmadge, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C.

F. C. B., Goresville, Va., asks: "How can I make a good imitation of mahogany? 2. How can I stain pine wood so as to make it look like black walnut?"—1. Brush over the wood with common ink; when that is dry brush it over with dragon's blood mixed with methylated spirit in the proportion of one ounce dragon's blood to one pint of the methylated spirit. When that is dry varnish with spirit varnish. 2. Buy a little common asphaltum varnish and thin it with turpentine till it produces the required shade. Notice that the stain is much darker after it dries than when it is at first applied, and thin it accordingly.

A. G. S., Washington, Mo., asks: "When was Grant advanced to the rank of General of the Army, and who is General now?"—In February, 1866, the rank of Lieutenant General was revived by Congress, expressly for Grant, and he assumed command of all the armies on March 17. On July 25, 1866, he was made "General of the Army of the United States," a rank created expressly for him, and William T. Sherman became Lieutenant General. When he became President, Lieutenant General Sherman became General of the Army of the United States, the rank he now holds. Philip H. Sheridan was then promoted to be Lieutenant General.

W. S. M., Salem, O., asks: "On what grounds or under what circumstances is the suspension of the right of habeas corpus permitted by the Constitution?"—It is declared in the Constitution that "the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it." It was supposed that Congress alone had the right to judge whether the emergency has arisen, and that only Congress could suspend the writ; but Attorney General Bates, in an opinion delivered to President Lincoln, held that the President could judge of the necessity and suspend the writ. This was accordingly done by the President during the war.

H. S., Proctorville, Mo.—If you employ a workman to make a model of your invention you run some risk of having your invention stolen. The risk, however, is not very great, as to secure a patent on any device or piece of machinery, the applicant must swear that he is the original inventor, and if his application conflicts with another, he must show that his invention was prior to the other or others. If you are in any doubt about the propriety of exposing your invention in having a model made, go before a notary public, make affidavit to what you claim to have invented and deposit it under seal with some reliable person, to be used as evidence of the priority of your invention, should occasion require.

G. W., (no address) asks: "Please inform me in regard to postoffice laws, if postmasters are allowed to read postal cards as they are delivered through the office, or if they can open newspapers to read for their own convenience."—While it is not supposed that any person would make use of a postal card for the purpose of conveying information of a private or confidential nature, any examination of the same by a postmaster with the intention of obtaining information which did not concern him, would plainly be a violation of the spirit of the law. A postmaster is at liberty to examine the second and third class mail matter if he has any grounds for the belief or supposition that it contains any violation or evasion of the postal laws, but nothing beyond.

W. H. S., Taylorville, Ind., asks: "Will you please give a brief sketch of the late Bishop Ames, of the M. E. Church? 2. Who will be his successor?"—Edward R. Ames, D. D., was born in Amesville, O., in 1806. He graduated from the University at Athens, and entered the Methodist ministry in the Illinois Conference in 1830. He was sent to the General Conferences of 1840 and 1844, becoming a Missionary Secretary in 1840. From 1844 to 1852 he was a Presiding Elder in the Indiana Conference, and was then (1852) elected to the Episcopacy, with Simpson and Scott. During his Episcopacy of 27 years he was abundant in labors. He had been for many years a sufferer from a painful disease, which greatly interfered with his usefulness. 2. The present Board of Bishops is a large one, and it is probable that they will continue to act till the next General Conference in 1880, when two new Bishops will probably be chosen.

J. F. B., Bradford, Ohio, writes: "I had a son who enlisted in the late war and was out about four months and took sick. He was put in the hospital at Louisville, and after being there awhile he got a discharge furlough and came home and died about two weeks after. I have lost or mislaid his furlough. Now am I entitled under the laws to any back pension? If so, how shall go about it to obtain it, not having his discharge?"—As father you are entitled to pension from the date your son died on the following conditions: 1. If your son died from disease he contracted while in the service of the United States. 2. If you were supported by your son prior to his enlistment in the service, and depended partially upon him for your support, having no other means for your support, and not being able to earn your own subsistence by your own labor. 3. Provided the mother of the soldier does not survive, she being entitled to the pension before the father upon proof she depended on her son for her support, and her husband was not able to maintain her. You are entitled to the pay due your son at the time of his death; also $300 bounty under acts of July 22, 1861, and July 28, 1866, and if you have not made collection write to T. W. Tallmadge, Attorney, Washington, D. C., who procures pension bounty, and arrears of pay.

R. R., Toledo, O., asks: "1. What is meant by the term underground railway; what it was, where it was, and how managed? I have heard speakers use the term, but could find no one to explain it. 2. What was the high tide spoken of by Jean Ingelow? 3. How is Beatrice pronounced? 4. Why was Judge Chisholm killed? 5. Who was Clytie?"—1. During the days of slavery, the slaves who escaped across the border into Ohio and Indiana were frequently assisted on their journey toward Canada by staunch abolitionists along their route. Such assistance could only be rendered in the night, and the fugitives having been thus conveyed from one place to another by parties who were well acquainted with the country, were secreted during the day, and moved forward again at night by new friends along the line of their journey. So quietly and secretly was this operation conducted that the fleeing slaves were said to be carried North by the Underground Railroad, since there was no visible trace of their passage across the country. We cannot now tell you where the expression originated. 2. We do not understand that Jean Ingelow had reference to any particular high tide, if you refer to her poem of that name. 3. In Italian, as if spelled Be-a-tree-chee, with the accent on the third syllable. 4. Because he was a Republican, and his sentiments and opinions were obnoxious to the Southern Democracy. 5. Clytie was a nymph beloved by Apollo (the sun), but having been deserted by her lover, she was changed into a heliotrope.

C. H. J., Waynesboro, O., writes: "Ohio elects a certain number of Electors and one Elector at large to act under the Constitution at the Presidential election. Why is the Elector at large chosen, and what does he represent?"—The Constitution of the United States says, Art. II, sec 2: "Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of Electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives, to which the State may be entitled in (the) Congress." * * * * The Constitution also provides that "Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed." Also, that "the actual enumeration shall be made within three years after the first meeting of the Congress of the United States, and within every subsequent term of ten years in such manner as they shall by law direct." According to the apportionment based on the census of 1870, each State is entitled to one Representative for every 131,279 of its population. One Elector at large is added for each Senator who represents the State at large rather than any one Congressional District. Having thus gone into a general explanation of the character of Electors at large, we may add that Ohio in the last Presidential election had 22 Electors, or one representing each Congressional District and two Senatorial Electors, representing the State at large.

H. M. L., West Prairie, Iowa, asks: "Will you please name the rate of interest in the different States?"—We append a table which gives a comprehensive exhibit of the positions of the different States. Those first named below permit limited special rates of interest by agreements in writing:

	Local rate per cent.	Highest rate allowed.
Northwestern States—		
Ohio	6	8
Indiana	6	10
Illinois	6	10
Michigan	7	10
Wisconsin	6	10
Iowa	6	10
Minnesota	7	12
Western States—		
Missouri	6	10
Kansas	7	12
Nebraska	10	12
Oregon	10	12
Southern States—		
North Carolina	6	8
Georgia	7	12
Louisiana	5	8
Mississippi	6	10
Kentucky	6	10
Texas	8	12
Arkansas	6	10

The following nine States permit unlimited special rates of interest by agreement in writing:

New England States—	
Maine	6
Massachusetts	6
Rhode Island	6
Connecticut	6
Western States—	
Colorado	8
California	7
Nevada	10
Southern States—	
Florida	8

Any rate of interest may be agreed upon in writing.

The following States permit only one rate of interest:

New England States—	
New Hampshire	6
Vermont	6
Middle States—	
New York	7
New Jersey	6
Pennsylvania	6
Maryland	6
Delaware	6
Southern States—	
Virginia	6
South Carolina	7
Alabama	8
West Virginia	6
Tennessee	6

The legal rate must not be exceeded.

WHAT CONVERTED HIM.

A Veteran Showman's Experience in the South.

Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune.

The showman was the older of the Sells Brothers, proprietors of the "Seven Elephant traveling circus. He was not aware that I was a newspaper correspondent, and talked with much greater freedom than he otherwise would probably have done. I had been slightly acquainted with him when he lived in Columbus and was engaged in other business, and in that way the conversation began. I said to him:

"I understand, Mr. Sells, that you had been in the South during the winter. Now, you are not given to exaggeration—showmen never are—and, I understand it, you are a Democrat. How did you find things down there? Are they so bad as they are represented by the newspapers?"

"We have been down South nearly all winter, and I used to be a Democrat—but I am so no longer. I am thoroughly converted. It used to be the fact that showmen were almost all Democrats, but that day has passed. No man can go through what we did and hold to that faith. You know it is generally conceded that showmen are nobodies. The southern chivalry peculiarly believe this, and act upon it in every way they can. They don't put on airs for us. We see them in their natural air, and can judge how things are going."

"What are some of the instances which you observed?"

"They are so many that I should tire of telling them all. This will illustrate: We were showing at a Town in Tennessee, and a man with a very bad face swaggered up to the box office, drew a large revolver, deliberately cocked it, and leveling it at my head, said: 'That's the ticket that admits me to all G——d—— Yankee shows. I never pays anything'; and, significantly winking, to still brandished the revolver. A committee stepped forward, and, instead of making an effort to prevent damage from the threatening Southerner, he said to me: 'He's a perfect gentleman, sir—a perfect gentleman—but slightly in liquor. Better let him pass; that's the way they all does.' Of course we let him pass. There was nothing else to do. The agent of the California Minstrels, who is with us here, saw a friend of his shot in Texas, in cold blood, simply because he was a showman. It was at the hotel. A Southerner with a big revolver came swaggering in, saying that he had come a certain number of miles on purpose to 'kill a G—d—n son of a b——h of a Yankee showman.' He drew a bead on the showman. The latter reasoned with him, saying, 'You have the drop on me, there's no doubt about it. But I have never done you any injury, and don't want to. I don't even know you. You don't want to kill me in cold blood, do you?' But it was all in vain. The cold blooded wretch didn't take his eye off the man until he had discharged his revolver three times, and mortally wounded him. The landlord paid no attention to the matter. The people of the town were content to say that the murderer was 'a gentleman in liquor.' He was never arrested for his crime, and the landlord didn't even order him to leave his house."

"Where do you live when at home, Mr. Sells?"

"I live in Columbus, in this State, and we returned there last night. There were some hundred or more of us men, and they were all voters in the Fifth Ward of that City, where their families were starving. They had, almost to a man, been Democrats before this trip in the South, but that had the same effect on them as on me. There was a good deal of wonder expressed at the large majority for the Republican ticket that was rolled up in this Ward. Their vote and influence largely did it, for they did a good deal of talking with their friends. I tell you no man can be a democrat and see how Democracy is running things in the South."

Mr. Sells was of the opinion that there was in reality only the one thing that the negros were going to do. If they once get into a new country, they can have some opportunity to grow rich with it, and be half way independent, while in the South the revolver will ever rule them.

Cleaning House.

Cincinnati Star.

His face was tortured with despair,
And wildly rolled his eye,
Six ways for Sunday stood his hair—
His collar was awry.

"Stand forth, O wreck, and tell us why
You madly thus carouse?"
"Ah! a," he groaned with a sigh,
"My wife is cleaning house."

"Throw wide, throw wide the prison gate!"
His Honor loud did shout,
"I know how bitter is his fate;
Policemen, let him out!"

Fresh Trouble for John Bull.

London World.

The intimation that the City of Quebec has negotiated a loan of $3,000,000 in New York at 5 per cent., against the competition of London bidders, is a "sign of the times" which admonishes John Bull that his financial supremacy is not, in the nature of things, everlasting.

The Sunday School.

The Holy Spirit Promised.

LESSON 8, SUNDAY MAY 25, 1879.

GOLDEN TEXT.—But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.—Acts 1: 8.

LESSON TEXT,

Joel 2: 28 32.

28. And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: 29. And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit. 30. And I will shew wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke. 31. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and the terrible day of the Lord. 32. And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered; for in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as the Lord hath said, and in the remnant whom the Lord shall call.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy (v. 28.)—All of us want our sons and our daughters to do better than we have done. We want them to continue our best work, and to improve on it. As we grow older, our plans and our hopes center more in our children; and according to their development and prospects we count our lives a success or a failure. This is true even of parents who seem neglectful of their children; and yet more of those who are faithful. A lady teacher stopped an unfortunate drunkard on a village street, to say a kind word in praise of his two children who were in her Sunday school class. The poor man's eyes filled with tears, as he replied, "I am glad to hear you say that. I'm a reformed, worthless drunkard myself. But I love my little children, and I won't them to do well, if I don't. The richest promises of God's word are to us and to our children. Let us have this ever in mind, and pray and plan for our sons and our daughters, in view of these promises.

Young men shall see visions.—It is a good thing for a young man to see visions, to see the unseen, to have glimpses of something better than the dull realities of every day life. It is a gain to him to have the conception and the inspiration of a lofty ideal. It makes him unwilling to live on the lower plane of existence; it tempts him to rise above his fellows, and above his and their surroundings. The young man who never sees a vision of that which is better, nobler, grander, than that he is, is sure not to come up to his highest possible attainment, nor yet to strive for that. If you are a young man, ask God to give you glorious visions, and to help you to struggle for their realization. If you know a young man who sees visions, encourage him in the effort to make them a power in his living and being.

Also upon the servants and upon the handmaids (v. 29.)—Religion is a failure in any household when it is not felt in the kitchen as well as in the parlor. God is as ready to bless the servants as the master or mistress. If a blessing comes into a family, and the servants have no share in it, the fault is not the Lord's; nor yet wholly the servants. It is right to judge the parents by the children, and to judge the master and the mistress by the servants. Is the Holy Spirit's power shown in your servants and handmaids? If not, you must answer for the lack.

I will shew wonders in the heavens and in the earth (v. 30.)—We are all ready to admit that God will show wonders in the heavens. None of us doubt his control there. But we are not so ready to admit that he will work wonders in the earth. We know that he does common things in this world continually. We expect them as a matter of course. But a thing that is out of the common order, and would be a wonder if it accomplished, we do not look for. Yet it is the wonderful things that God stands ready to do for his people; and that he loves to be asked, and trusted, to do. No matter what it is—if only it is to meet a need in our lives, our duties, or friendships, our trials—we can go to him for it in confidence; and we can expect it according to his promise.

Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered (v. 32.)—There are limits to free grace. Salvation is for all, but not to all. Only those who want deliverance shall have it. Whoever prefers heaven to hell can go to heaven for the asking. But he who wants to be lost, can be. Redemption is never held before the sinner as a threat. It will not be forced upon any man. Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord—he and no one else—shall be delivered.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in S. S. Times.*

FOR CIGAR MAKERS.

New Regulations for Branding and Marking Cigar Boxes.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 25, 1879.

Messrs. Lorillard, Fox & Co., 312 and 314 Front street, San Francisco, Cal.:

SIR.—Referring to your letter of the 11th inst., I have to inform you that, on and after May 1st, proximo, all cigars which have not been removed from the factory or place where they were made will be required to be branded by having the factory number, the District and State, and the number of cigars in each box stamped, indented, burned or impressed by an instrument which will burn or sink the letters and figures into the box in a legible and durable manner. A mere printed or stenciled impression on the surface of the wood or other material of which the box is made will not satisfy the requirements of the law.

In like manner all cigars, as a result will be required to have attached to each box the label or caution notice, in substance and in terms as prescribed in Section 3,393, Revised Statutes, as amended by the act of March 1, 1879.

When manufacturers have in their factories boxes of cigars, which were packed prior to May 1st, with the manufacturer's name, factory, number, etc., burned into the box with a branding iron, and so branded as to render it impracticable to remove the name of the manufacturer, this Office will permit the sale and removal of such cigars without changing the brand. All other boxes must be branded according to the amended law. Manufacturers having cigars packed and branded as aforesaid, and having the labels or caution notices heretofore in use attached, will be required to remove such labels or caution notices before removing the cigars, and to attach the label or caution notice prescribed in the amended law. The removal of the labels already attached will be as effectually done by pasting the new label over the old as by scraping it from the box. It can't at the same time be done in this way without injuring the appearance of the box.

Yours respectfully,
GREEN B. RAUM,
Commissioner.

Alleged Cure for Hydrophobia.

New York Herald.

So far as is known no genuine case of hydrophobia has ever yet been cured in this country. A correspondent of the New York *Herald* asserts that a discovery of a cure for the fearful malady has been made in Russia, this remedy being pure oxygen. A little Russian girl was recently attacked by the disease, and the physician thereupon made her inhale three cubic feet of oxygen. In the course of an hour and a half all the symptoms disappeared, and the child rested calm. On the next day but one the malady returned in all its distressing characteristics. A fresh inhalation of oxygen was tried, and at the end of 45 minutes the attack subsided and never returned.

The Age of a Bengalese Ryot.

Fraser's Magazine.

No dependence can be placed on a Bengali ryot's estimate of age or time. The different witnesses in a court of justice will give as many different dates for the same event, while anything definite as to age is rarely known, or anything probable guessed. If one asks a man how old he is, he says, "What do I know?" If the age of another, he, perhaps, replies he is extraordinarily old, he is 20. A Judge of my acquaintance once asked a gray-haired witness his age: "Sir, I am 10."

PITH AND POINT.

Why is the woman adjusting her false braids like the one whipping her son? She is applying a switch to her hair.—*Transcript.*

A young man in Nebraska sent on an offer of marriage to a girl in Iowa whom he fancied, and in reply received this telegram: "Come on with your minister."

Woman has nearly 500 styles for arranging her hair, and yet man has the audacity to say she is not an original creation.—*Reporter.*

"What," asks a correspondent, "is the meaning of Shelley's 'Epipsychidion'?" We are not perfectly certain, but it sounds wonderfully like the name of some new sgue medicine.—*Hawkeye.*

The balmy evenings are near at hand when the bewitching maiden stoops to conquer, and her subduing companion encroaches on the step below and says he's so glad "the sprig dibe has cub aged."—*Holden.*

"Oh, solitude, where are the charms that sages have seen in thy face?" Alas, why didn't you ask at the shops where they don't advertise?—*Exchange.*

A Mystic, Conn., clergyman received only $450 salary last year. It is thought he worked one time for the $1. The clergyman, it is presumed, didn't found any charitable institution last year.—*Norristown Herald.*

Ignorant people on the coast—those who do not know how to spell the names of months—keep right on eating oysters all summer.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

People who are dissatisfied with this country and with the way things are going on, ought to emigrate to Russia about now.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The would-be assassin of the Czar is said to have been a school teacher, but he must have been a miserable one, for any school teacher who could miss at two paces certainly isn't fit to train young ideas how to shoot.—*Boston Courier.*

Said Chelmsford, looking around anxiously, "Is Prince Lou s here? Yes? Then let the battle go on."—*B. Transcript.*

Vassar girl, eating her first gooseberries: "N'yum! N'yum! yum—m—m—m! wouldn't I like to see the goose that laid these berries."

About the guiltiest-looking people in this world are a man accused of a crime of which he is innocent, and a newly-married couple trying to pass for veterans.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak," said a fop to a gentleman. "They are in a weak place," responded the latter.—*N. Y. Star.*

A chap married a pretty girl of the name of Bet, and soon after became a gambler, because he said he liked Bet so much, he wanted to become a better.—*Steubenville Herald.*

"What is a water spout?" asked one of our City teachers recently. "A water-spout," said a boy with a Noah Websterian face, "a water spout, ma'am, is a reservoir broke loose."—*Chicago Journal.*

While a man has been sitting perfectly still, we have seen his sidewalk.—*Bos. Trans.* So have we; and his footstep at the same time.—*New Haven Register.*

Talmage says that every man should strive to leave tracks behind him in this world. Commodore Vanderbilt left hundreds of miles of tracks behind him, to say nothing of cars and locomotives.

A little girl in one of our public schools the other day had occasion to parse the word "Angel." Coming to the gender she stopped dismayed, and

Two small but benevolent infants in the park: "Oh, dear, my beetle's only got five legs." "Break enozzer one off, Johnny, so's he won't be lame."

"The moon is always just the same," he said, languidly, "and yet I always find some new beauty in it." "It's just so with the circus," she answered. He took the hint and bought tickets for two.

A short time ago a Danbury man had $40 stolen from him. The thief was subsequently struck with remorse, and sent back $20, with a note to the effect that as soon as he received more remorse he would send back the rest.—*Danbury News.*

A man named Marcus Wright, of Illinois, has fallen heir to $1,000,000. We'd rather be Wright than be President.—*Meriden Recorder.* Marcus Wright down in the same category as *Rockland Courier.* That's right—we'll take a hand in.—*Free Press.*

Methuselah would have lived longer, but the man on the street car who always says, "there's room for one more" wore him out and he died prematurely.—*Chicago Times.*

"Don't open your mouth so wide when you laugh, Jane," he said. "It reminds me of a grave yard." And she was laughing at their first baby, too, recollect.—*Wheeling State Democrat.*

A few days ago we felt called upon to kill the peach crop, owing to the remissness of the telegraph. It didn't work. The peach crop lives and is going to be enormous, so says the telegraph this morning.—*New Haven Register.*

A ragged-looking pedestrian came to the back door of the Junebudder mansion yesterday afternoon and the hired girl shouted, "We've nothin' for tramps." "Fair lady, pause," said the visitor: "I'm not a tramp nor beggar." "What are ye then?" "Madam, I'm a solicitor general."—*Utica Observer.*

They grow some rather tall women beyond the Mississippi. An occidental poet writes that he "kissed the clouds from her sweet, fair face." It seems almost incredible that he could, just by standing upon her face, kiss the clouds, but truth and poesy are inseparable, and we are bound to believe.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A popular concert singer, advertised to participate in an entertainment in a Missouri village, excused her absence on the ground of having a severe cold in the head, and the next day received the following from an admirer: "Thiz is gouse greze; melt it and rub on the bridge of yore noze until kured. I luv you to distraxshun."—*Andrews Bazar.*

A Maine parson who announced from his pulpit that a circus was about to visit the town, and that if any of his flock should attend he would gladly give them a letter of dismission, was somewhat mollified in his wrath when a bright and bold little Sunday-scholar of eight years inquired in public and at the close of the service with "Please, sir, will you give me the ticket to the circus that you promised?"—*New York Star.*

An old joke in a new rose: "Chawles," languidly drawled Josephine, looking up from her book, "I see one of the studies at West Point is trigonometry. What is trigonometry anyhow?" "Trigonometry," replied Charles, toying with an invalid mustache, "is a—a—well this science of pulling the trigger, of course." "I thought so," said Josephine, resuming her novel.—*Norristown Herald.*

The weary winter months have gone,
For everything seems gay;
And February needs must March,
So that wet April May.
And don't June know that soon will come
The jolly festive fly,
And sweet and low the bees will hum.
While sounds th forth July?
Then soon will begin the August guns,
Whose roar you'll long remember,
While, scorching hot, the sun will burn
All wooden things, 'cept ember.
—*Baltimore Bachelors.*

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Circulation this week, 95,040

IN the present monetary stringency and business depression, the circulation of the weekly BLADE has advanced steadily during the past six months, till it now stands at 95,040. This enormous circulation is owing to nothing so much as to the standard merits of the BLADE and its general adaptability as a family paper to the needs and tastes of the great proportion of the reading public. We wish it distinctly understood that whatever the BLADE has gained in this direction has been due nearly if not entirely to its inherent merits as a paper and to the special features to be found nowhere outside its columns, rather than to any artificial or extraneous aids or stimulants. The BLADE offers no prizes or chromos, and the only inducement to subscribers are contained in the paper itself. Hence it is that subscribers realize that they are always getting the full worth of their money, and that they are not obliged to pay for something they do not need in order to get something which they really want.

A moment's reflection will show business men why it is that papers of this character always have a greater weight and influence with its subscribers than would be possible under any other circumstances. The BLADE is read through from first page to last by those who take it not for *hire*, but because of its merits, and its long years of successful publication have made its name widely and familiarly known throughout the entire United States. By a judicious management of news, departments and editorial, every page is made attractive to every reader, hence it is impossible for an advertisement to be placed anywhere in the paper without attracting general attention. And since every issue is read by at least 300,000 adults, the wonderful dissemination and range of its advertising can in some degree be estimated. A word to the wise ought not to need any further explanation.

A FULL list of our new books will be published in the BLADE next week.

WE are to have Gen. BLAINE in Ohio this Fall. This is bad news for the Democrats.

NEW YORK *Tribune*: A second extra session would make the Republican majority in 1880 almost unwieldy.

REV. L. L. LUSE, a Greenback editor of Meadville, Pa., is missing. It is feared that he has succumbed to his intellectual vacuum.

IF there is any book you want write to the BLADE for it. If it is on our catalogue, you can get it cheaper of us than any where else.

NEW ORLEANS *Picayune*: JEFFERSON said, "We seldom repent of having eaten too little." He never went out to fish all day without taking breakfast before starting.

HON. HUGH MCCULLOCH, who is as sound a political economist as ever held the position of Secretary of the Treasury, has declared in favor of the bi-metallic standard.

THE Chicago papers congratulate MARK GRAY on his escape. He was only sent to a lunatic asylum, while many of his friends feared, from the temper of the jury, that he would be sentenced to go back to St. Louis.

THE continuation of the story "Maid, Wife or Widow," will be found on the seventh page of this week's paper. The latter portions of the story will be found of great interest, and no one can well afford to miss them.

THUS-called Empress CARLOTTA has an income of $30,000 a month, and is so insane that she does not know whether she is spending it for lovely keramic specimens, or for more pocket handkerchiefs for the Pottawat omie Indians.

ALBANY *Journal*: A man on Arbor Hill last evening aimed a gun at his little son, a beautiful creature with golden hair to waist, and playfully threatened to shoot him. The gun turned out to be unloaded. It will be placed in the State Library, as the only weapon of the kind known to American gunnery.

AN emigrant to Kansas writes to the Cincinnati *Gazette* that the land is taken up so rapidly there, a man can hardly have time to write to his friends telling them they can get a location within some miles of him, ere the chance is gone. He also states that many go with the wild idea that their fortune is made if they can only get there, and arrive with their families in an almost destitute condition. The only possible consequence of this is great suffering. No one should make the move without being prepared to live one year without expecting any returns for their labor. After that their way will be comparatively easy.

THERE is this advantage about the negros emigrating to Kansas: they do not come into competition with other laborers and so add to their own and the distress of others. The prime need of Kansas is labor; her great want is willing hearts and strong arm. There is room for a million of these, and her broad prairies afford the hand of industry the finest foundation in the world upon which to erect comfortable homes. It is likely that the emigrating negros will suffer some at first, but so do emigrating white men. Every body has to endure hardship and privation while laying the foundation of his fortunes. The negros that go to Kansas will, in a year or two, receive such lessons in providence and self-dependence as will transform them from underlings and serfs to men.

REMEMBER that we now offer as large a collection of standard and miscellaneous books as is to be found anywhere in the country.

CURRENT EVENTS.

As previously intimated in our columns, the Democrats having failed in their revolutionary attempt to prevent the use of the army for preserving the peace of the country and the purity of elections, suddenly wilted before the President's veto. The loud threats which they made of what would be done in case the President failed to sign the army appropriation bill with its riders, gave place to the most lamblike submission, and the entire party in Congress devoted more than a week of work in the caucus trying to find a way out of their dilemma. The only thing that offered was to present the obnoxious measure as a separate bill, and this, as stated last week, they decided to do, although it involved a virtual confession of wrong. The "bill to permit the manipulation of Southern elections by the Democrats, as the bill to prevent the use of the army at the polls should properly have been called, came to a final issue in the Senate on Friday, and was passed by a strict party vote of yeas 35, nays 23. On Saturday it was sent to the Senate, and the entire Democratic host awaited the result in fear and trembling. They had not long to wait, for Monday he sent a message returning the bill, and declining to give it his approval.

The text of the non-interference bill which originated in the House is in these words:

"WHEREAS the presence of troops at the polls is contrary to the spirit of our institutions and the tradition of our people, and tends to destroy the freedom of elections, therefore be it enacted, etc., that it shall not be lawful to bring to or employ at any place where a general or special election is being held in a State any part of the army or navy of the United States, unless such force be necessary to repel the armed enemies of the United States or to enforce Section four, Article four, of the Constitution of the United States, and the laws made in pursuance thereof, on the application of the Legislature or the Executive of the State where such force is to be used; and so much of all laws as is inconsistent herewith is hereby repealed."

It will be observed that the proposed law is strongly tinctured with the ancient Democratic doctrine of States rights, since the only exceptions to the general prohibition are in case of armed invasion by the enemies of the United States, and on application of Legislature or Executive of the State where such force is to be used. In his message, the President proceeds to show by historical citations, that certain discretionary power to employ the militia of the States for the execution of the laws, was incorporated into the Government in the days of WASHINGTON, and that such power was still further enlarged by extending it so as to include the regular army and navy in the execution of the laws. He also shows by citations from the statutes that these powers were strengthened in the hands of Pres. LINCOLN in 1861 by re-enacting the substance and almost the identical language of the law of 1795. He sums up the objections to the bill by showing that it proposes a discrimination in favor of State and against National authority, and makes a substitution of the discretion of the State Governments for the discretion of the General Government as to the performance of its own duties. He closes by saying that he believes the present statutes are abundantly adequate to prevent military interference at the polls.

Just what the Democrats will do in this crisis is more difficult for them to determine than after the veto of the army appropriation bill. The more sensible and liberal of the party are willing to accept the course suggested in the petitions of some of their own constituents—to pass the necessary appropriation bills and go, quietly home. But the Southern Bourbon element, exasperated by the failure of their schemes and bent on carrying out their revolutionary performance at whatever cost, are still fixed on exciting and annoying the country. Senator CHANDLER, in addressing these men on Friday, most truthfully and forcibly said to them: "You have your day in court, make the most of it. Your time is short."

The speech of Sen. CHANDLER in the Senate on Friday was a most powerful arraignment of the Democrats for their persistent and suicidal folly. He assured them that in their present action they were but repeating the history of 1857, when the Northern Democrats in the Senate, lacking the moral courage to sustain STEPHEN A. DOUGLASS, were sent into oblivion by their own party. The people of the North are aroused to the dangers of the States rights heresy as they have never been before, not even in the days of 1857 and 1861. The Democrats, in their present revolutionary program have undertaken a task which will bring the columns of their political superstructure about their own ears with a crash which will involve the whole party in the North in ruin.

Sen. SHERMAN was serenaded during a brief visit to Columbus on the 7th inst, and took that opportunity to review in a forcible manner, the results which had been reached by the successful accomplishment of resumption, and the saving made in refunding the national debt. In conclusion he declared that he was not a candidate for Governor of Ohio, but that he desired to remain where he is till everybody is thoroughly convinced of the success of resumption.

The new constitution voted on by the State of California on the 7th inst., was adopted by a large majority. The success of the instrument is said to be owing almost entirely to the farmers who cast more than two-thirds of the votes which it received. Hon. JOSEPH MEDILL of Chicago, now in San Francisco states that in his judgment the new constitution will neither do as much mischief as its opponents proclaim, nor confer so great benefits as its champions assert.

RISEN FROM THE GRAVE.

We begin with this issue, the publication of a new story by WILKIE COLLINS, the celebrated English novelist, entitled "Risen from the Grave, or the Dead Alive," a story of the time of the Franco-Prussian War. In many respects it is the most powerful and absorbing story which the author has ever written, and full of thrilling and dramatic situations from beginning to end. The chapters which we give this week will richly repay the reading, even if the reader does not care to follow the story through all its details to the finish.

JOHN G. THOMPSON is so disgusted with the results of Sec. SHERMAN'S visits to Ohio, that he vows he would rather "use the Democratic campaign fund to keep his ——old fences in order, rather than have him visit the State again soon."

SOME IMPROVEMENTS.

We have this week a sincere pleasure in making an announcement which we trust will gratify our subscribers as much as it does ourselves. For some time we have felt dissatisfied with the typographical appearance of the BLADE, and have felt as perhaps did some of our readers, that its dress was not in keeping with its merits. But we are now happy to state that an entire new dress has been ordered for the paper, and that it is now in course of preparation. We shall hope to present the paper to its readers in a new guise in a very short time—not to exceed three or four weeks at farthest. The new type is bold and clear, and will greatly heighten the ease and comfort with which the paper can hereafter be read.

In speaking of improvements we may state that during the past week we have doubled our mailing facilities, and shall hereafter be able to avoid any possible delay in getting the paper into the hands of subscribers. The increase of the force employed in our mailing department will place all our subscribers substantially on the same footing, and remove any possible cause of complaint on account of delay in receiving their papers. We ask our readers who may have had any trouble in this regard to notice the great improvement of last week, and this week, and to accept our assurance that while the previous delay was unavoidable owing to the vast influx of new subscribers, the change for the better is a *permanent* one, and that no further trouble will occur hereafter.

THE SECOND CONFEDERATE REVERSE.

President HAYES' second repulse of the attack by "the Confederate States on the integrity and life of the United States, consisting of the veto of Army Bill No. 2., was given in Monday's BLADE. It was promptly made, only 48 hours (Sunday included) having intervened subsequent to the receipt of the measure from Congress. This indicates, notwithstanding the rumors to the contrary, that the President was not at a loss for a decision as to his duty in the premises; while the nature of that decision and the clearness and frankness of its declaration, have no doubt that he was as ready with his reasons as he was with his opinion. The ground of his action is tersely and distinctly set forth in these words:

"Under the sweeping terms of the bill the National Government is effectually shut out of the exercise of the *right*, and from the discharge of the imperative *duty*, to use its whole executive power wherever and wherever required for the enforcement of law at places and times where and when its elections are held. The employment of its organized armed forces for any such purpose would be an offense against the law, unless *sanctioned by*, and there can be no *suppression of the authorities of the States* in which the occurrence arises. What is this but the substitution of the discretion of the *State Governments* for the discretion of the *Government of the United States* as to the performance of its own duties? In my judgment this is an abandonment of its obligations by the National Government, a *subordination of National authority*, and an *intrusion of State supervision over National duties* which amounts in spirit and tendency to *State supremacy*."

This presents the real pith and marrow of the whole matter. Instead of "An act to prohibit military interference at elections," the vetoed measure was a bill "for the subordination of National authority and the intrusion of State Supremacy." Its effect, as no doubt its design, was, to the extent of its provisions, to annihilate National authority and exalt State Rights of the Confederate sort. It was *not*, as falsely pretended by the title of the bill, to protect "elections" from "military interference," but to prevent the "interference" by the United States Government with the exclusive State sovereignty claimed by the Confederates who dictated the bill. In other words, it was the audacious attempt of the Secessionists, by insidious legislation, backed by another threat of the death of the Government, to incorporate in the National statute-book the first direct and definite recognition of the sovereignty of State authority, by means of which, on certain days, the authority of the United States should be distinctly surrendered, and the operation of the constitution and laws of the General Government suspended, in deference to the superior authority of the States. And what makes this state of things the more significant, is the fact, that the times selected for such subordination of the Nationality to State supremacy, are the days fixed for the National elections for Presidential electors and members of Congress. By this means, as is seen, the choice of the popular branch of Congress and of the Executive, is placed beyond the control of the Government which, for its very existence, depends upon such elections. Thus, of all the year, no other days could have been chosen when such suspension of National authority could have been as perilous to the Nation's life. If the United States Government may not protect its own elections, what can it expect to do? And if its right of supremacy on the days when its own officers are chosen is to be voluntarily surrendered, on what possible ground can it claim supremacy at *any time*?

It is because of the sweeping effects of such surrender of National to State authority, that the Confederates demand that it be made; and it is for the same reason, that the Republicans in Congress and the President have resisted such demand. The former seek by shrewd legislation and intimidation to secure far more than was claimed by them previous to 1861; while the latter do not propose, thus quietly and cravenly, to surrender all that cost four years of destructive war. If the Democratic party think such an issue is one on which they can safely, in peaceful campaigns, go before the country, all right. The loyal men of the Nation will be ready for the trial. The action of Pres. HAYES is heartily approved by the men who put down the attempt to destroy the Nation's life by open war; and we venture to say, that no more popular acts have been done by any executive, than will be those by which he is now holding in check the Confederate hordes in Congress.

CHICAGO *Tribune*: At least one Chicago miner has made a great success in Leadville. In five weeks, ending May 3, he took out $16,840 with no other mining implements than a pack of advantage cards and a Derringer pistol.

"THAT CALF."

SEN. CHANDLER epitomized the whole of the present troubles in a few sledge hammer sentences, that will live as long as the South continues to insult the country with its present preposterous claims for rulership. He made use of the well-worn parable of the Prodigal Son, but gave it a turn and direction that was startling, because of its dazzling truth. He said that we put upon the South, the returning, repentant South, as we imagined, the robe of citizenship, killed the fatted calf, and invited the prodigals to the feast; they came forward with a calm assumption of superiority and said, "That is *our* calf; we always owned it; we are not at all grateful for the feast."

This is the whole matter. The arrogant Southerners have always acted as if the whole United States was their personal property, and no one else had any claim to its titles and revenues. They seemed to feel, like the rotten *noblesse* who provoked the French Revolution, that the Government was not a creation for the benefit of the people, but an institution to promote their personal ambitions and fill their pockets with the money necessary to enable them to live lives of luxurious ease. They apparently imagined that they had the same ownership in the offices, in the taxes, in the products of the people's labors that the favorites of CHARLES II. or one of the French Kings had in some grinding monopoly which robbed the people by imposing taxes on their salt, soap, leather, etc., etc. When in power they treated the Government as the patrimony of a few families and their adherents. They would keep all its perquisites and benefits as strictly inside the lines of inheritance, as their acres and negros.

The animus of the Rebellion was, more than anything else, rage at being suddenly shut out of the green pastures where they had so long fattened. They blustered to frighten the new possessors away, and this failing, they took up arms in bitter despair—to destroy that which they could no longer enjoy rather than see others enjoy it. Defeated in this, they do not allow a decent interval to elapse, before impudently reasserting their old claim to the ownership of the entire thing. They come back with arrogant assumption to demand that which they say has long been wrongfully withheld from them. Their airs and pretensions are such as we may imagine were displayed by a dissolute cavalier in the train of CHARLES II., at the Restoration. His father had doubtless gained a fine income by a tax upon every pound of salt used by the people. This had enabled him to live high, to support many mistresses, to play extravagantly, and drink inordinately. The Puritans came in with their radical ideas, declaring that no man had the right to roll in luxury at the expense of a million's comfort. The old gentleman likely died in a fit of apoplectic rage, at this summary invasion of his "rights," and his son passed a number of hungry years abroad. To him the Restoration meant, more than anything else, the restoration of the iniquitous extortions which would enable him to live like his father, and so far from being grateful for the return to good fortune, he is deeply incensed at being so long restrained from plundering the people; he resolves to make up for lost time, and he does make up with such energy, that a few years later the outraged people find it necessary to inaugurate another revolution to relieve themselves from him. The southerner of to-day repeats the type very accurately.

THE NEW CALIFORNIA CONSTITUTION.

The BLADE prints to-day the views of the Hon. JOSEPH MEDILL, editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, upon the new Constitution, recently adopted by the State of California. Having been upon the ground during the long and angry discussion which preceded its acceptance by the people, and uniting with well trained powers of observation, a capability of weighing impartially whatever can be said upon all sides of a question, Mr. MEDILL'S opinions are worthy of careful consideration. While foreseeing difficulties that may and probably will arise under some of its provisions, as a whole he seems to approve of the Constitution as doing away with crying evils under which the Golden State has long labored.

One of these, and most important in its effect upon the future prosperity of California is the breaking up of the great land monopolies. Millions of acres have been in possession of a few men, who bought these vast tracts for a mere song, and by letting them lie unimproved, have held them for speculation with a mere nominal taxation. The consequence has been to discourage the emigration of agriculturists thither, and thus to hinder the growth of the State in that direction. The new Constitution will effectually put an end to this sort of thing, by compelling these great speculative land owners to break up their tracts into small parcels and sell them to small farmers and fruit growers.

Another evil that will be overcome is the rapacious extortions of the Central Railway corporation which has hitherto ruled with an iron hand. Whatever may be thought of the extent to which the legislation against corporations has been carried, it is certain that the breaking up of the arbitrary power of this one will be hailed with pleasure by the whole general public. The extent to which its domination has been carried can hardly be realized at this distance, and without facts and figures, but the hatred with which it is regarded has not been without full provocation.

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM.

In the announcement of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," as made in the BLADE last week, a typographical error occurred in a part of the edition which gave some of our readers a wrong impression as to the price of the book with the BLADE. The regular price of the book is $1.50, our price for it is $1.00, and the book and the BLADE one year will both be sent on receipt of $2.50, not $1.50, as the figures made us say in a few of last week's papers. Those of our subscribers who received the early papers will please note the correction.

A BLESSING TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

The direful army of insect pests that torment the life of all housekeepers has at last found its antidote. A Milwaukee firm who make chemical specialties their business have discovered in Australian Insecticide the great destroyer of bed-bugs, moths, cock-roaches, and all that class of foes to human happiness. It is stated that this preparation has been thoroughly tested during the past 20 years in warm climates, and that it has received the highest awards wherever brought into competition with similar articles. It is highly effective in removing parasites from domestic animals, poultry and growing plants. Read what a bank cashier in Milwaukee says of Insecticide on the opposite page, and send for a box to MARSHALL & Co., at Milwaukee, Wis.

For the Blade.

ANDERSONVILLE

A STORY OF SOUTHERN PRISONS.

The Life of a Prisoner-of-War in Richmond, Andersonville, Savannah, Millen, Charleston and Florence.

BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

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CHAPTER XLV.

A FAIR SACRIFICE.

Charley Barbour was one of the truest-hearted and best liked of my school boy chums and friends. For several terms we sat together on the same uncompromisingly uncomfortable bench, worried over the same boy-maddening problems in "Ray's Arithmetic—Part III," learned the same jargon of meaningless rules from "Greene's Grammar," pondered over "Mitchell's Geography and Atlas," and tried in vain to understand why Providence made the surface of one State obtrusively pink and another ultramarine blue; trod slowly and painfully together over the rugged road "Bullion" points out for beginners in Latin, and began to believe we should hate ourselves and every body else, if we were gotten up after the manner shown by "Cutter's Physiology;" we were caught together in the same long series of school boy scrapes—and were usually ferruled together by the same strong armed teacher. We shared nearly everything—our fun and work; enjoyment and annoyance—all were generally meted out to us together. We read from the same books the story of the wonderful world we were going to see in that bright future "when we were men:" we spent our Saturdays and vacations in the miniature explorations of the rocky hills and caves, and dark cedar woods around our homes, to gather ocular helps to a better comprehension of that magical land which we were convinced began just beyond our horizon, and had in it, visible to the eye of him who traveled through its enchanted breadth, all that "Gulliver's Fables," the "Arabian Nights," and a hundred books of travel and adventure told of. We imagined that the only dull and commonplace spot on earth was that where we lived. Everywhere else life was a grand spectacular drama, full of thrilling effects.

Brave and handsome young men were rescuing distressed damsels, beautiful as they were wealthy; bloody pirates and swarthy murderers were being foiled by quaint spoken backwoodsmen, who carried unerring rifles; gallant, but blundering Irishmen, speaking the most delightful brogue, and making the funniest mistakes, were daily thwarting cool and determined villains; bold tars were encountering fearful sea perils; lion-hearted adventurers were cowing and quelling whole tribes of Barbarians; magicians were casting spells, misers hoarding gold, scientists making astonishing discoveries, poor and unknown boys achieving wealth and fame at a single bound, hidden mysteries coming to light, and so the world was going on, making reams of history with each diurnal revolution, and furnishing boundless material for the most delightful books.

At the age of 13 a perusal of the lives of Benjamin Franklin and Horace Greeley precipitated my determination to no longer hesitate in launching my small bark upon the great ocean. I ran away from home in a truly romantic way, and placed my foot on what I expected to be the first round of the ladder of fame, by becoming "devil boy," in a printing office in a distant large City. Charley's attachment to his mother and his home was too strong to permit him to take this step, and we parted in sorrow, mitigated on my side by roseate dreams of the future.

Six years passed. One hot August morning I met an old acquaintance at the creek, in Andersonville. He told me to come there the next morning, after roll-call, and he would take me to see some person who was very anxious to meet me. I was prompt at the rendezvous, and was soon joined by the other party. He threaded on his way slowly for over half an hour through the closely jumbled mass of tents and burrows and at length stopped in front of a blanket-tent in the north-western corner. The occupant rose and took my hand. For an instant I was puzzled; then the clear blue eyes, and well remembered smile recalled to me my old-time comrade, Charley Barbour. His story was soon told. He was a Sergeant in a Western Virginia cavalry regiment—the 4th, I think. At the time Hunter was making his retreat from the Valley of Virginia, it was decided to mislead the enemy by sending out a courier with false dispatches to be captured. There was a call for a volunteer for this service. Charley was the first to offer, with that spirit of generous self-sacrifice that was one of his pleasantest traits when a boy. He knew what he had to expect. Capture meant imprisonment at Andersonville; our men had now a pretty clear understanding of what this was. Charlie took the dispatches and rode into the enemy's lines. He was taken, and the false information produced the desired effect. On his way to Andersonville he was stripped of all his clothing but his shirt and pantaloons, and turned into the stockade in this condition. When I saw him he had been in a week or more. He told his story quietly—almost diffidently,—not seeming aware that he had done more than his simple duty. I left him with the promise and expectation of returning the next day, but when I attempted to find him again, I was lost in the maze of tents and burrows. I had forgotten to ask the number of his detachment, and after spending several days in hunting for him, I was forced to give the search up. He knew as little of my whereabouts, and, though we were all the time within 1,700 feet of each other neither we nor the mutual acquaintance could ever manage to meet again. This will give the reader an idea of the throng compressed within the narrow limits of the stockade. After leaving Andersonville, I met the mutual acquaintance again and learned from him that Charley had sickened and died within a month after his entrance to prison.

So ended his day-dream of a career in the busy world.

LEAVING SAVANNAH FOR MILLEN.

There came an order, one evening in the first week of October, for 1,000 prisoners to get ready to move out. Of course, Andrews and I counted ourselves into the crowd. The seductive mirage of "exchange" lured us on; this move, we said to ourselves, certainly meant transfer to our lines; there could be no other object in taking us out. We were told by the Rebels that it was for our release; that there was some trouble about admitting our vessels to the neighborhood of Savannah, and the exchange would be made at Charleston, instead Wishes are always the most powerful allies of belief. There is little difficulty in convincing a man of that of which he wants to be convinced. We forgot the lie told us when we were taken from Andersonville, and believed the one which was told us now.

There were the usual scenes when our 1,000 were taken out. Everybody wanted to be one of the supposed-to-be favored few, and if not selected at first tried to "flank in," by slipping into the place of some one belonging to the squads designated to go. The one attempted to be displaced made resistance, and lively fights would become so general that it looked like a military edition of Donnybrook Fair. The cry of "Look out for flankers!" would go up; the lines would dress, the boys press together, and any one attempting to squeeze in be mercilessly pounded.

We got out of the pen and into a couple of trains of cattle cars, and rolled away westward out of the City. The cars were too crowded for us to lie down. Andrews and I sat down in a corner, with our treasured luggage—our ragged blanket, our little black can, our hoop iron spoon, our beloved chessmen; we leaned against each other in a way to rest ourselves, and dozed fitfully through the night.

When morning came we found ourselves running northwest through a poor, pine barren country that strongly resembled that we had traversed in coming to Savannah. The more we looked at it the more familiar it became, and soon there was no doubt we were going back to Andersonville.

By noon we had reached Millen—80 miles from Savannah, and 55 from Augusta. It was the junction of the road leading to Macon and that running to Augusta. We halted a little while at the "Y," and to us the minutes were full of anxiety. If we turned off to the left we were going back to Andersonville. If we took the right hand road, we were on the way to Charleston or Richmond, with the chances in favor of exchange.

At length we started, and, to our joy, our engine took the right hand track. We stopped again, after a run of five miles, in the midst of one of the open, scattering forests of long leaved pine that I have before described. We were ordered out of the cars, and marching a few rods, came in sight of another of those hateful stockades, which seemed to be as natural products of the sterile sand of that dreary land as its desolate woods and its breed of boy murderers and gray-headed assassins. Again our hearts sank, and death seemed more welcome than incarceration in those gloomy wooden walls. We marched despondently up to the gates of the prison, and halted while a party of Rebel clerks made a list of our names, rank, companies, and regiments. As they were Rebels it was slow work. Reading and writing never came by nature, as Dogberry would say, to any man fighting for secession. As a rule they took to them as reluctantly as if he thought them cunning inventions of the Northern Abolitionists to perplex and demoralize him. What a half-dozen boys taken out of our own ranks would have done with ease in an hour or so, these Rebels worried over all of the afternoon, and then their register of us was so imperfect, badly written and misspelled, that the Yankee clerks afterwards detailed for the purpose, never could succeed in reducing it to intelligibility.

We learned that the place at which we had arrived was Camp Lawton, but we almost always spoke of it as "Millen," the same as Camp Sumter is universally known as Andersonville.

Shortly after dark we were turned inside the stockade. Being the first that had entered, there was quite a quantity of wood—the offal from the timber used in constructing the stockade—lying on the ground. The night was chilly, and we soon had a number of fires blazing. Green pitch pine, when burned, gives off a peculiar, pungent odor, which is never forgotten by one who has once smelled it. I first became acquainted with it on entering Andersonville, and to this day it is the most powerful remembrance I can have of the opening of that dreadful Iliad of woes. On my journey to Washington of late years, the locomotives are invariably fed with pitch pine as we near the capital, and as the well-remembered smell reaches me, I grow sick at heart with the flood of saddening recollections indissolubly associated with it.

As our fires blazed up the clinging, penetrating fumes diffused themselves everywhere. The night was as cool as the one when we arrived at Andersonville, the earth, meagerly sodded with sparse, hard, wiry grass was the same; the same piney breezes blew in from the surrounding trees, the same dismal owls hooted at us; the same mournful whip-poor will lamented, God knows what, in the gathering twilight. What we both felt in the gloomy recesses of down cast hearts Andrews expressed as he turned to me with:

"My God, M——, this looks like Andersonville all over again."

A cupful of corn meal was issued to each of us. I hunted up some water, Andrews made a stiff dough and spread it about half an inch thick on the back of our chessboard. He propped this up before the fire, and when the surface was nearly browned over, slipped it off the board and turned it over to brown the other side similarly. This done, we divided it carefully between us, swallowed it in silence, spread our old overcoat on the ground, tucked chess-board, can, and spoon under far enough to be out of the reach of thieves, adjusted the thin blanket so as to get the most possible warmth out of it, crawled in close together, and went to sleep. This, thank Heaven, we could do; we could still sleep, and Nature had some opportunity to repair the waste of the day. We slept and forgot where we were.

CHAPTER XLVI.

MILLEN.

In the morning we took a survey of our new quarters, and found that we were in a stockade resembling very much in construction and dimensions that at Andersonville. The principal difference was that the upright logs were in their rough state, whereas they were hewed at Andersonville, and the brook running through the camp, was not bordered by a swamp, but had clean firm banks.

Our next move was to make the best of the situation. We were divided into hundreds, each commanded by a Sergeant. Ten hundreds constituted a Division, the head of which was also a Sergeant. I was elected by my comrades to the Sergeantcy of the 2nd hundred of the 1st division. As soon as we were assigned to our ground, we began constructing shelter. For the first and only time in my prison experience, we found a full supply of material for this purpose, and the use we made of it showed how infinitely better we would have fared if in each prison the Rebels had done even so slight a thing as to bring in a few logs from the surrounding woods and distribute them to us. A hundred or so of these would probably have saved thousands of lives at Andersonville and Florence.

A large tree lay on the ground assigned to our hundred. Andrews and I took possession of one side of the 10 feet represent the butt. Other boys occupied the rest in a similar manner. One of our boys had succeeded in smuggling an ax in with him, and we kept it in constant use day and night, each group borrowing it for an hour or so at a time. It was as dull as a hoe, and we were very weak, so that it was slow work "niggering off"—as the boys termed it—a cut of the log. It seemed as if beavers could have gnawed it off easier and more quickly. We only cut an inch or so at a time, and then passed the ax to the next users. Making little wedges with a dull knife, we drove them into the log with clubs, and split off long thin strips, like the weatherboards of a house, and by the time we had split off our share of the log in this slow and laborious way, we had a fine lot of these strips. We were lucky enough to find four forked sticks, of which we made the corners of our dwelling, and roofed it carefully with our strips, held in place by sods torn up from the edge of the creek bank. The sides and ends were enclosed; we gathered enough pine tops to cover the ground to a depth of several inches; we banked up the outside, and ditched around it, and then had the most comfortable abode we had during our prison career. It was truly a house builded with our own hands, for we had no tools whatever save the occasional use of the aforementioned dull ax and equally dull knife.

For a while wood was quite plentiful and we had the luxury daily of warm fires, which the increasing coolness of the weather made important accessories to our comfort.

Other prisoners kept coming in. Those we left behind at Savannah followed us, and the prison there was broken up. Quite a number also came in from Andersonville, so that in a little while we had between 6,000 and 7,000 in the stockade. The last comers found all the material for tents and all the fuel used up, and consequently did not fare so well as the earlier arrivals.

The commandant of the prison—one Capt. Bowes—was the best of his class it was my fortune to meet. Compared with the senseless brutality of Wirz the reckless devilry of Davis, or the stupid malignance of Barrett, at Florence, his administration was mildness and wisdom itself.

He enforced discipline better than any of those named, but had what they all lacked—executive ability—and he secured results that they could not possibly attain, and without anything like the friction that attended their efforts. I do not remember that any one was shot during our six weeks' stay at Millen—a circumstance simply remarkable, since I do not recall a single week passed anywhere else without at least one murder by the guards.

The rations issued to us were somewhat better than those of Andersonville, as the meal was finer and better, though it was absurdly insufficient in quantity and we received no salt. On several occasions fresh beef was dealt out to us, and each time the excitement created among those who had not tasted fresh meat for weeks and months was wonderful. On the first occasion the meat was simply the heads of the cattle killed for the use of the guards. Several wagon loads of these were brought in and distributed. We broke them up so that every man got a piece of the bone which was boiled and rebolled, as long as a single bubble of grease would rise to the surface of the water; every vestige of meat was gnawed and scraped from the surface, and then the bone was charred until it crumbled, when it was eaten. No one who has not experienced it can imagine the inordinate hunger for animal food of those who had eaten little else than corn bread for so long. Our exhausted bodies were perishing for lack of proper sustenance. Nature indicated fresh beef as the best medium to repair the great damage already done, and our longing for it became beyond description.

The Raider crowd was present at Millen in strong force, so strong in fact, that its members began to imagine themselves in the ascendancy, and that they could safely renew the line of conduct the executions put a stop to in Andersonville. They first thought of vengeance against several of the boys who had actively assisted at the hanging. The one they marked out to begin on was Wat Payne, whom the reader will remember as one of the two Corporals of my Company who pulled the supports from under the scaffold. Wat Payne was a very good man physically, and was yet in fair condition. The Raiders came up one day with their best man—Pete Donnelly—and provoked a fight, intending, in the course of it, to kill Payne. He, we knew, was the only remarkably confident of his ability to handle even so redoubtable a pugilist as Donnelly, and we gathered together a little squad of our friends to see fair play.

The fight began after the usual amount of bad talk on both sides, and we were pleased to see our man slowly get the better of the New York plug-ugly. After several sharp rounds they closed, and still Payne was ahead. In an evil moment he stepped on the knot at his feet, which he thought he could reach, and end the fight by cracking Donnelly's head with it. Donnelly took instant advantage of the movement to get it, threw Payne heavily, and fell upon him. His crowd rushed in to finish our man by clubbing him over the head. We sailed in to prevent this, and after a rattling exchange of blows all around, succeeded in getting Payne away. The issue of the fight seemed rather against us, however, and the Raiders were much emboldened. Payne kept close to his crowd after that, and as we had shown such an entire willingness to stand by him, the Raiders—with their accustomed prudence when real fighting was involved—did not attempt to molest him farther, though they talked very savagely.

A few days after this Sergt. Goody and Corporal Ned Carrigan, both of our battalion, came in. I must ask the reader to again recall the fact that Sergt. Goody was one of the six Sergeants who put the meal-sacks over the heads, and the ropes around the necks of the condemned. Corp. Carrigan was the gigantic prize fighter, who was universally acknowledged to be the best man physically among the whole 35,000 in Andersonville. The Raiders knew that Goody had come in before we of his own battalion did. They resolved to kill him then and there, and in broad daylight. He had secured in some way a shelter tent, and was inside of it fixing it up. The Raider crowd, headed by Pete Donnelly and Dick Allen, went up to his tent and one of them called to him.

"Sergeant, come out, I want to see you."

Goody, supposing it one of us, came crawling out on his hands and knees. As he did so their heavy clubs crashed down upon his head. He was neither killed nor stunned, as they had reason to expect. He succeeded in rising to his feet, and breaking through the crowd of assassins. He dashed down the side of the hill, hotly pursued by them. Coming to the creek, he leaped it in his excitement, but his pursuers could not, and were checked. One of our battalion boys, who saw and comprehended the whole affair, ran over to us, shouting:

"Turn out! turn out, for God's sake! the Raiders are killing Goody!"

We started up our clubs and ran down after the Raiders, but before we could get there, Ned Carrigan, who also comprehended what the trouble was, had run to the side of Goody, armed with a terrible looking club. The sight of Ned, and the demonstration that he was thoroughly aroused, was enough for the Raider crew, and they abandoned the field hastily. We did not feel ourselves strong enough to follow them on to their own dung-hill, and try conclusions with them, but we determined to report the matter to the Rebel Commandant, from whom we had reason to believe we could expect assistance. We arrested Dick Allen, Pete Donnelly, and several other ring-leaders, took them out and put them in the stocks in such a manner that they were compelled to lie upon their stomachs. A shallow tin vessel containing water was placed under their faces to furnish them drink.

They staid there a day and night, and when released, joined the Rebel army, entering the artillery company that manned the guns in the fort covering the prison. I used to imagine with what zeal they would send us over a round of shell or grape if they could get anything like an excuse.

This gave us good riddance of our dangerous enemies.

The depression in the temperature made me very sensible of the deficiencies in my wardrobe. Unshod feet, a shirt like a fishing net, and pantaloons as well ventilated as a paling fence might do very well for the broiling sun at Andersonville and Savannah, but now, with the thermometer nightly dipping a little nearer frost line, it became unpleasantly evident that as garments their office was pretty perfunctory: one might say ornamental simply, if he wanted to be very sarcastic. They were worn solely to afford convenient quarters for multitudes of lice, and in deference to the prejudice which has existed since the Fall of Man, against our mingling with our fellow crestures in the attire provided us by Nature. Had I read Darwin then, I should have expected that my long exposure to the weather would start a fine suit of fur, in the effort of Nature to adapt me to my environment. But no more indications of this appeared, than if I had been a hairless dog of Mexico, suddenly transplanted to more northern latitudes. Providence did not seem to be in tempering the wind to the shorn lamb business, as far as I was concerned. I still retained an almost unexceptionable prejudice against stripping the dead to secure clothes, and so unless exchange or death came speedily, I was in a bad fix.

One morning about day break Andrews, who had started to go to another part of the camp, came slipping back in a state of gleeful excitement. At first I thought he either had found a tunnel or had heard some good news about exchange. It was neither. He opened his jacket and handed me an infinitesimal blouse, which he had found in the main street, where it had dropped out of some fellow's bundle. We did not make any extra exertion to find the owner. Andrews was in much need of clothes himself, but my necessities were so much greater that the generous fellow thought of my wants first. We examined the garment with as much interest as ever a belle bestowed on a new dress from Worth's. It was in fair preservation, but the owner had cut the buttons off to trade to the guard, doubtless for a few sticks of wood, or a spoonful of salt. We supplied the place of these with little wooden pins, and I donned the garment as a shirt, and coat and vest, too, for that matter. The best suit I ever put on never gave me a hundredth part the satisfaction that this did. Shortly after, I managed to subdue my aversion so far as to take a good shoe which a one-legged dead man had no further use for, and a little later a comrade gave me for the other foot a boot bottom from which he had cut the top to make a buskin.

The day of the Presidential election of 1864 approached. The Rebels were naturally very much interested in the

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written elegibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

Peas as a Renovator of Worn Soils.

In estimating the relative manurial values of green crops to bring back the productive capacities of worn soils, farmers measure by the amount of crop produced in the shortest time, the elements upon which these crops feed, their capacity for returning food to the earth and leaving more or less of those elements in the soil which are necessary to the production of the succeeding crop. Their capacity for sending their roots deeply into the subsoil and bringing up and depositing near the surface plant food which would otherwise remain beyond the reach of the roots of many of our most valuable cereals, is also taken into consideration.

Repeated experiments long ago proved that for the accomplishment of these purposes no vegetable growth equals the red clover and the field pea. As the pea will thrive on land too poor to grow clover, and returns rich and heavy growth sooner than almost any other crop, its value as a farm crop both for nutritive fodder or stock and for the renovation of worn-out lands is generally acknowledged.

A wide-spread ignorance prevails, however, regarding the best mode of planting and turning under of corn or field peas for a fertilizer.

For the benefit of the *World* readers generally, Prof. A. E. Blount, of the State Agricultural College at Fort Collins, Col., submits information given in answer to questions referred to him on the best mode of using peas as fertilizers by Wm. P. Moore, a *World* subscriber of Upper Red Rock, N. Y.

In reply to the question, "For fertilizing land, what kind of peas are to be preferred?" Prof. Blount says that the best variety for this purpose is the Clay pea, called also Stock pea. This not only makes a greater and better quantity of foliage at the least expense to the soil, but it contains, according to Prof. Blount's experience, a larger amount of nitrogenous matter. They also decompose more rapidly than the coarser and more fibrous vine. These can be purchased almost anywhere in East Tennessee, Knoxville, Chattanooga, &c., for from 75 cents to $1 per bushel.

One bushel per acre, sowed broadcast or by drilling, from the 1st to the middle of May, will in three months make, says Prof. Blount, on good land, a mat as thick as any clover. This sward may be cut immediately before blooming, and another will spring from the roots.

For the purpose of facilitating decomposition Prof. Blount recommends common lime, similar to, and worked out in times just before turning them under. To make lime useful instead of useless and hurtful a good deal of discretion has to be exercised in its application. Some soils will take 100 bushels while others are actually injured by the application of much smaller amounts. Deep soil with red clay subsoil cannot well receive too much, while thin sandy soils are impoverished and oftentimes entirely ruined by any quantity. The price of lime varies in different sections. Where wood and limestone are abundant it can be burned at one or two cents per bushel.

H. M. Polk, of Boltvia, Tenn., says with regard to the cultivation of the field pea that one can scarcely go amiss. Break the land, sow broadcast and harrow in, or drill in rows three feet apart and plough out when a few inches high. When the pods begin to ripen, if the crop is designed for manurial purposes, plough under with a large two-horse plough with a well-sharpened rolling coulter attached, or with chain passing from the double tree to the beam of the plough to hold the vines down as the furrow is being turned. Another paved over-the-vine breaking plough under will greatly assist the operation. Lime should be sown upon the vines previous to turning them under to promote decay and neutralize the large amount of vegetable acid covered in the soil. Mr. Polk suggests selecting a variety of pea that runs least, as their vines are easiest covered; these are in his opinion the black hull pea and the speckled or whippoorwill pea.

R. H. Allen, New York says of cow peas that their use is rapidly increasing in the Northern States, especially for green manuring. On good soil simply "run on" no manure is required. On barren land some fertilizer is desirable to secure a crop, though not essential. Repeated crops ploughed under will insure a degree of fertility upon any soil. The Southern practice of putting in the seed at the last hoeing of corn and ploughing as soon as the corn is cut up is advised by Mr. Allen as an excellent one.

While any land that can be ploughed will grow cow peas with some certainty of a crop it should be borne in mind that every variety of pea will not succeed equally well on all soils or in all climates. It is therefore wise when ordering seed to state the character of the soil to be, to insure a good variety for each particular case. Eastern seedmen advertise with other varieties those mentioned by Prof. Blount and Mr. Polk at from $1.75 to $2.50 per bushel.—*N. Y. World.*

Tobacco Culture.

The cultivation of the tobacco plant is attracting very much attention in all of the tobacco-growing States of America. In New England the cultivators of the "great plant" are planting Havana seed, so as to secure a clear leaf of fine aroma as well as of good texture. In the Southern and Southwestern States the growers are trying the white tobacco seed, so as to secure a leaf of light color, so much sought for at present by the manufacturers of cheroots and cigars. In Louisiana the growers of perique tobacco are trying both Havana and Kentucky tobacco seed, while in Florida tobacco culture is extending from Gadsden County to other parts of the State, and its cultivation in these sections is meeting with much success. Very much attention is now being paid to a the selection of seed and soil. In choosing seed for planting, especially if tropical varieties are to be grown, we should take especial pains to secure those which is imperial, since the flavor or aroma will be much better than when home-grown seed is used. The growth the first season will be small, it is true, like that grown in its native country; but the quality will be so much better that nothing will be lost, we think, by a smaller growth. If we use home-grown seed the past increases in size each season, until at length it becomes as large as any of the numerous sorts grown in this country. The best kind of Havana seed comes from the Vuelta de Abajo district, Cuba, the finest tobacco growing district in the island, long famed for its tobacco as well as other products. There are many varieties of so-called Havana tobacco grown on the island, not including Vara, which seems to be a distinct sort, growing shorter, and having shorter leaves. The flavor also is unlike that of Havana, the former having a saline taste, much relished by some smokers. The soil for tobacco may be determined by the kind to be grown as well as by the ordinary size or growth of the plants. The color of the leaf also should be considered in choosing ground for tobacco. In Cuba the red soil of the Vuelta de Abajo is chosen, and we have noticed frequently that tobacco, when planted on most kinds of clayey soil, does remarkably well. In Virginia the light-brown of chocolate colored lands are selected, and in some portions of the Southern States the light-gray lands are selected. In Louisiana the soil selected is a dark, rich loam, which seems to be just the soil for perique tobacco, one of the strongest-flavored tobaccos known to commerce. At the West "new ground" is usually chosen for tobacco, and the rich soil of the prairies is usually dark in color. The soil has very much to do with the color of the leaf after curing, and the grower should understand this part of tobacco culture in order to secure the color of leaf desired. Dark soil produces dark tobacco, and light-colored soil "makes light-colored tobacco," as the planters say. The soil, too, has very much to do with the texture of the leaf. If the soil is dry and gravelly the leaf is very apt to be harsh and leathery, a quality that utterly unfits the leaf for a cigar wrapper. The manure applied to the field has also very much to do with the size, color, flavor and texture of the leaf; and the various qualities of the plant are so intimately connected with the soil, fertilizers, and culture of the plant that the production of fine tobacco may truly be called one of the exact sciences. The tobacco plant seems to flourish the best on low lands or on rich river bottoms. Along the banks of the Connecticut, James, Greene, Ohio and Kentucky rivers may be found some of the finest tobacco soil in the world. In Holland the soil is dark, but a fine sort of tobacco is grown. The plant also flourishes well on high ground, and some of the best tobacco in New England comes from the hill towns of Connecticut and Massachusetts. In Cuba also, the hill districts produce a good quality of leaf, and some of the cigar or tobacco plantations on these hillsides yield tobacco hardly inferior to that grown on the low lands. In growing tobacco the planter should be very careful in making choice of seed and soil, as well as in the application of fertilizers. Formerly the manure was in great demand, as it produced a light-colored leaf known as cinnamon; but now dark tobacco is desired, and other kinds of manures must be applied. The growers of Havana tobacco in the valley should use only decomposed manure, as this sort of tobacco grows very fast; and if the fertilizers are not in condition the plants will grow but slowly, and the leaf cure down tough and leathery. In no case select light sand land for this variety of the plant. A dark loam only should be chosen, and the manure applied early in the Spring. Just before transplanting the field should be plowed, so that the fertilizer should be near the surface. The plants may be "set" a trifle thicker than the ordinary seed leaf. Early and repeated cultivating and hoeing are necessary, as well as early suckering and topping; but after the plants are topped they should stand in the field until through ripe. Large Havana tobacco is thick in texture, and very strong and little wrapper is made into cigars.—*Cor. Practical Farmer.*

On Transferring Bees and Brood Into New Hives.

I come once more to talk to your many readers and shall try to give them a practical lesson on transferring bees from the old box hives into our new movable frame hives. And first let me say I first procure and provide myself with a good set of transferring tools; then, when my bees are in the old-fashioned hive, I wait until the fruit blooms are fairly out. Now, I have me a table or a nice wide board on which to do my work; also, a pail of water and a new hive of the first class. All being ready, I proceed to put a small roll of cotton rags into my bee-tamer or smoker and set one end on fire, and proceed to my hive of bees and administer a sufficient quantity of smoke to get them to humming quite loud, and then I invert my hive and sprinkle the bees with a little water, then carry them to my table, and with a cold chisel and hammer or hatchet I proceed to cut the nails and take off one side; and then with a long-bladed knife I proceed to cut loose and take out the brood-combs one at a time, and with a good heavy feather I brush off the bees of each comb into my new hive, having opened it first, and proceed to lay the combs carefully in a pile so as not to bruise or mar them; then as I have taken them all out this side and brushed my bees into the new hive, I proceed to cut and fit my combs in the new frames, one at a time, and fasten them in with some nice white thread (having first procured quite a quantity) with a bradawl, with which I make a hole at proper places through the frames sufficient to receive the thorns and hold the combs quite firm until the bees can have time to fasten or wax them so; then the thread should be taken out, say in five or six days. I never put any thorns into the bottom part of my frames, but always in the top and sides. Now you are ready to close up your hive, after setting the frames in your new hive as fast as they are filled, closing gently and placing the new hive back on the old stand, and you will have the satisfaction of seeing your bees at work as nicely as can be in 20 minutes and as proud as a King in a new palace. I should have told you to fit and fasten the combs in the frames with the same ends up as in the ones they were built in the old hive, or the bees will have great trouble in cutting them out and building new ones. My next will be on the value of brood and honey comb to the apiarian.—J. M. Hicks, Tippecanoe County, Ind.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Remedies for Scale Insects.

In reply to your correspondent's inquiry concerning the dreaded scale louse or insect, which I noticed in the *Rural Press*, of March 8, let me give some remedies, which I failed to see recommended in your valuable paper. For years I have cultivated and experimented with each. One of their worst enemies is that species of scale insect known as *Aspidiotus Nerii*, which likewise infests the orleander, orange, lemon, and various other plants that may be in close proximity to overcrowded green houses. I have succeeded in exterminating this insect by using the common "aqua ammonia," or "water of hartshorn" of the shops. To lessen the cost I should advise your correspondent to purchase the article known to druggists as the "concentrated liquor of caustic ammonia" which by adding two parts of fluid measure of water to one part fluid measure of the former, you have the strength of the common "aqua ammonia." The concentrated preparations, here at the East, is generally put up in pound or five-pound glass stoppered bottles, as well as in large carboys. It may be suggested to open such bottles with care, and preserve it in a cool place. A pound of the concentrated ammoniacal liquid costs (here) about 25 cents, and when diluted with water makes three pints of solution ready for use. I apply it with a brush to small plants. A sponge, providing the moist trits are protected, might be tied to a long pole, and the liquid applied to the trees and trunks of the trees, standing at a respectful distance, of course.

Ammonia, like potash or concentrated lye, is a strong alkali and an excellent fertilizer, yielding up a large percentage of nitrogen. The strength indicated is not too strong for Cacti, of which one or two applications, in the course of 10 or 14 days, are sufficient to kill the insects. Scraping off the loose bark of fruit trees previous to using ammonia would facilitate matters much. It is possible that the potash lye is, perhaps, the more economical of the two remedies, yet it may be interesting to others of your readers to know of different safeguards used elsewhere. Potash has long been used by horticulturists to free plants from the scale insect.

Ammonia must not be applied to tender plants or the roots of the same, unless very much diluted. However, I can use the amounts as indicated without burning them; when using a weak solution of kerosene oil it would kill the same plants; when made too weak it is of no use at all, speaking of kerosene. Yet this rule may not apply to fruit trees.

Another good remedy against the scale insect is to use a suds made of carbolic soap, and brush the affected parts with it thoroughly, leaving it to dry thereon. My friend, Mr. Isaac Beckaum, the veteran of our New York horticulturists, told me a few days ago that he now employs carbolic soap suds exclusively on his plants suffering from the effect of this scale insect. It seems to me that some of these remedies ought to furnish your enterprising orchardists with the means to rid themselves of that pest and trouble, the scale insect.—*Dr. E. C. Leche, in Pacific Rural Press.*

Going to Farming.

The *New England Farmer* refers to what it regards as a very important fact—the increased number of city people going into farming, having given up their business in Boston. This may turn out eventually to be commendable and advantageous, but as a fact it will not. You can no more make a merchant out of a farmer, than a farmer out of a merchant. They both require peculiar training, and without it there will be at least three chances to one of a failure being the result. We are constantly hearing the complaint that the sons of farmers are hankering after City life, having become disgusted with the toil of the business of their farmers, thus overcrowding the City with idle young men who seldom succeed in life. For ourselves, we have always combated this view, and argued that this is just exactly what is needed. There must be constantly fresh blood infused into trade and mercantile life, or what would become of it, and where is it to come from except from the country. The boys who go early in to the counting house from their homes in the country, and after serving a full apprenticeship, are the ones who succeed and become our merchant princes. On the other hand, while the sons of farmers make the best husbandmen, the sons of many of families in our Cities, learning to be farmers at an early age, seldom fail in success. This interchange of careers is the very foundation of our robustness and the country's prosperity. Such young men as show aptness and peculiar smartness should go to the City and be taught some of the various pursuits which there fill the busy world; while City young men adapted to farming should be sent forth into the country and instructed in the "art and mystery" of farming. Thus both classes will be placed where they will be best likely to succeed and become useful and respected citizens.

CONGRESSIONAL.

Forty-sixth Congress--Extra Session.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 6.

The resolution authorizing the taking of testimony in relation to the claim of Spafford to the seat of Senator Kellogg was considered.

Sen. HOAR offered a substitute declaring that the Senate had already settled the case on its merits by declaring that Sen. Kellogg was entitled to the seat.

Sen CAMERON (Wis.) argued that the question was decided in October, 1877, in favor of Sen. Kellogg, and against Mr Spafford, and the Senate at that time declared the proceedings to be final and conclusive.

The Chairman of the Committee (Sen. SAULSBURY) had never known of a Court taking testimony in order to ascertain whether a case was finally adjudicated.

The morning hour having expired, Sen. SAULSBURY hoped the consideration of the resolution would be continued.

Sen. HOUSTON said this being a privileged question it took its own course, and was proceeding to read from a former decision of the Vice President as applicable to the question before the Senate, when he was interrupted by Sen. CONKLING, who demanded the reading of the 40th rule, and added, "We had better preserve some show of system."

Sen. HOUSTON—I am obliged to Sen. Conkling for wishing to "preserve some show of system."

The CHAIR (Withers temporarily presiding) ruled that Sen. Conkling's point was not well taken.

Sen. CARPENTER appealed from the decision.

The debate continued for some time and was more than ordinarily animated.

Sen. HILL moved that the appeal be laid on the table.

Sen. COCKERILL rose to a point of order.

Sen. CONKLING—Let us all rise. Is it in order to enquire how many Senators are recognized and how many are entitled to the floor?

The CHAIR—Only the Senator from Georgia.

Sen. CONKLING—I thought the time was to be divided around?

Sen. EDMUNDS—May I ask, with great respect, a parliamentary question, what the point is?

The motion of Sen. Hill to lay Sen. Carpenter's appeal on the table was agreed to; ayes—24; nays—23.

Sen. SAULSBURY—Now, I hope the discussion will be resumed.

Sen. CONKLING—I would inquire what has become of the point of order.

The CHAIR—The Senate has sustained the ruling of the presiding officer.

Sen. CAMERON then resumed his argument, citing various contested cases to show that the Kellogg case had been decided on similar principles.

Sen. CONKLING said nothing could be more indefensible than the plea of Spafford to overthrow the prior adjudication.

Sen. SAULSBURY remarked that he did not intend to express an opinion as to whether the present question was finally adjudicated or not, but all that the Committee desired was sufficient to investigate the entire question, so that by having the entire testimony before the Senate it would be able to act intelligently.

Sen CARPENTER regarded this as an important question, and as several Senators who desired to be heard were absent, moved that the Senate adjourn.

Sen HOAR said that no Senator on the Democratic side had stated the grounds on which they sustained the pending resolutions.

The principle to which they sought to commit the Senate was that whenever a party changed to a majority in the Senate it was competent to review and reverse a former judgment of that body and unseat a Senator. The doctrine would and should surprise and alarm the American people.

Sen. HILL inquired whether the Senator means to say that any one on the Democratic side ever admitted that the question had received full consideration. The Democrats made no such admission. The discussion was continued.

The President *pro tem* announced the reception of the House bill to prohibit military interference at elections, and it was read the first time.

Sen. EDWARDS said that as the measure was very important he must object to a second reading of the bill to day, and with a view to its reference to the committee, the bill therefore went over.

Sen. CARPENTER obtained the floor when a motion was made to adjourn, which was decided in the negative by a party vote—yeas 22, nays 26.

Sen. CARPENTER then commenced his remarks. He said that the Committee on Privileges and Elections, when Republicans were in the majority here, always accommodated the Senators; but it was fair to presume that as the Democrats now had a majority these times are past. He was not easily scared. He enjoyed himself in a row better than in any other way. He did not become frightened during the debate when revolutionary doctrines were announced, because he thought he knew enough of the Democratic party to know that when they had played their game and made their boasts they settled down quietly. They found a vetoe to bring them to their haunches and then retired in good order, saying they did what they could, and failed because they could not help it. [Laughter.] When he first heard of the proposition to unseat Sen. Kellogg he laughed it to scorn. He could not believe that the Democratic party would undertake a thing so revolutionary and so unequalled in partisan atrocity. The Senator from Delaware (Saulsbury) had told them that the Democrats were in earnest. The action proposed was violative of reason, justice and parliamentary proceedings, and threatened the seat of every Republican because the Democrats were in a majority. Their leader (Tourman) came to the rescue of the majority and hedged as a great man could. Every Senator who voted for the resolution committed himself to a notorious doctrine, subversive of every legal principle, destructive of private rights and revolutionary to an extent never before witnessed in this country. Without concluding his remarks Sen. Carpenter gave way for a motion to adjourn.

Adjourned.

HOUSE.

The Republicans filibustered on the bill to prevent interference of troops at elections—all but Messrs. Crittenden, Kelly, Killinger, and Morton declined to vote, while there were not enough Democrats present to constitute a quorum. The reason for filibustering was the refusal to allow Mr Conger to offer the amendment when the second call was ordered.

At 2:40 the filibustering ceased and a vote was taken on the bill.

The House passed the bill reported this morning by Mr. Knott: yeas, 124; nays, 90—a strict party vote—all the Greenbackers voting in the affirmative with the Democrats.

The bill passed by a strict party vote; yeas, 124; nays, 90. All the Greenbackers who voted (11), voted yea; those not voting being Messrs. Barlow and Russell.

Mr. CHALMERS called up, as a question of privilege, a resolution heretofore offered by him for an investigation into the Fort Pillow massacre.

Mr. ATKINS interposed a motion to adjourn, remarking that he was opposed to such an investigation as the gentleman's (Chalmers) reputation was not dependent upon it at all; it would do no good either to him or the country.

At the request of Mr. CHALMERS the motion to adjourn was withdrawn by Mr. ATKINS, and was immediately renewed by Mr. WHITE.

The House then adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 7.

On motion of Sen. INGALLS, a resolution was adopted calling upon the President to communicate to the Senate what measures have been taken to prevent the occupation of the Indian Territory by white settlers.

The House bill to prohibit military interference at elections was read twice, and by a vote of 24 against 31 the Senate disagreed to the motion of Sen. EDMUNDS to refer it the Committee on Judiciary, and then laid it on the table to be called up hereafter.

Consideration was then resumed of the resolution asking for authority to take testimony in the contested case of Spafford against Kellogg, and Sen. CARPENTER continued his remarks in support of Sen. Kellogg's right to the seat.

Sen. HOAR submitted an amendment to the resolution, as follows: "And said Committee are further instructed to inquire and report whether bribery or other corrupt or unlawful measures were used to secure the alleged election of Spafford, the memorialist."

Sen. SAULSBURY said he was instructed by the Committee to accept the amendment.

Sen. LOGAN offered an amendment empowering and directing the Committee further to make inquiry whether any unlawful or corrupt means were used to disorganize the legislative body that elected Sen. Kellogg so that it might elect Spafford, the memorialist.

The Senate disagreed to Logan's amendment; yeas, 19, nays, 28.

The Senate also rejected—yeas, 16, nays, 26—Sen. Hoar's substitute on the previous day, declaring that the Senate, in October, 1877, decided the question on its merits, and seated Sen. Kellogg.

The Senate then passed the resolution of the committee on Privileges and Elections, authorizing them to take testimony in the matter of the memorial of Spafford, contesting the seat of Sen. Kellogg, with the amendment of Sen. Hoar, as mentioned in a former part of the proceedings, and which had been accepted by the Committee to day. Without division, the vote on the adoption of the resolution was yeas 26, nays 17. All the votes taken to day were strictly of a party character.

The Senate, by a party vote, took up the House bill to prohibit military interference at the polls.

Sen. BLAINE submitted the following amendment: "Any person who shall carry concealed any deadly weapon at any place, or within a mile of any place, where a general or special election for Representatives to Congress is being held, shall, on conviction thereof be punished with a fine of not less than $500 nor more than $5,000, or with imprisonment for a period of not less than six months nor more than five years, or with both fine and imprisonment at the discretion of the Court."

Sen. MORGAN obtained the floor and without further action on the bill the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

The eight hour law went over, on the expiration of the morning hour, and the bill relating to coinage and coin and bullion certificates was taken up, and Mr. CLAFLIN spoke in opposition. As to the allegation that the demonetization of silver had been a trick, Mr. Claflin declared the act had been considered and printed in two Congresses, and had had the assent even of the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Kelley).

Mr. KELLEY protested that he never had assented to it.

Mr. CLAFLIN sent to the Clerk's desk and had read extracts from the House proceedings to show Democrats in the House who had voted to deprive the trade dollar of its legal tender quality.

Mr. VANCE said he did not recollect, but he was free to admit that he had not then understood the matter. [Laughter.]

After further discussion the House adjourned.

SENATE.

WASHINGTON, May 8.

Consideration was resumed of the House bill prohibiting military interference at elections.

Sen. MORGAN spoke for three hours and a half.

Sen. EATON said he would be glad to have a vote to-morrow on the bill.

Sen. EDMUNDS obtained the floor and will address the Senate to-morrow.

Sen. HOAR, at his own request, was excused from service on the committee to investigate the election frauds, and Sen. Platt was appointed in his place.

After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.

The bill to enforce the eight-hour law was taken up, as the business of the morning hour.

The bill was opposed by McMILLAN as not being in the interest of the toiling millions, but adverse to that interest. He moved an amendment that it shall not apply to the past.

Mr. GOODE, who reported the bill, spoke in its advocacy, taking the ground that Congress would set a bad example if it permitted officers of the Government to disregard a plain law. It was also advocated by COX, who said no one dared or dared to ask (in the face of the voters of the country) for the repeal of the eight hour law.

After some further debate the bill was laid upon the table, 113 to 52. A vote was then taken by yeas and nays to lay the motion to reconsider the vote by which the bill was laid on the table.

The vote resulted: 127 ayes, 87 nays, thus effectually killing the bill.

The silver bill was taken up.

Mr. KIMMEL offered an amendment fixing the weight of the silver dollar at 360 instead of 412 1 2 grains.

Mr. FISHER favored the amendment and opposed the bill, arguing in favor of a single standard.

Mr. FISHER argued that the legal value of gold and silver had always been, and must be held subordinate to bullion values, and that it was impossible to maintain two units differing in intrinsic value.

Mr. WARNER asked him how the market value was determined.

Mr. FISHER replied that it was regulated by the law of supply and demand. He quoted from remarks of Mr. Kelley (Penn.) in 1872, in the same line of argument, and asked Mr. Kelley how gold coin could be kept in the country when the difference between gold and silver was fixed by law at 15 to 1.

To which Mr. KELLEY retorted by asking Mr. Fisher how a single standard could be made of that metal which fluctuated as much as gold did? He added that he would retain both gold and silver coin in the country by putting them, not at 15 to 1, which expels gold, nor 16 to 1, which expels silver, but at 15½ to 1, which enabled France and the Latin union to use both metals coincidentally and indiscriminately and would enable the United States to avail themselves of both.

Mr. FISHER—Then I understand the gentleman not to hold to the views which he expressed in 1872. Am I correct?

Mr. KELLEY—I humbly confess that I learned something since 1872.

Mr. FISHER said that he was reminded of a young man in the Scriptures who was born blind, but had his sight given to him, and who said: "I repeat to the incredulous, I know that whereas I was once blind, now I see," but he suggested that Mr. KELLEY had better rise and say: "Once I did see these things fairly, but now I am stone blind." [Laughter.]

Mr. Kelley desired to reply, but Mr. Fisher declined to yield further, and proceeded with his speech. He characterized the bill as a fraud and a cheat which would rob the people of America. It was also, in some respects, a free trade measure, and he would commend that fact to the attention of his colleague (Kelley).

Mr. KELLEY hoped the gentleman would demonstrate his proposition.

Mr. FISHER, continuing, said that in every community there were a good many, the most of them bankrupts, who had never been able to manage their own little affairs. But who had wives who were able to take in washing or plain sewing while they had leisure time to discuss the financial affairs of a great nation. They thought they knew all about the great financial question. The gentleman from Indiana (De La Matyr) had introduced a bill here appropriating $1,000,000,000 for great internal improvements.

DE LA MATYR—The association of the remark about a man with a hard working wife with the gentleman from Indiana is simply contemptable.

Mr. MILLS intended to vote for the bill, but would like to see it amended in some particulars. It was not a just response to the demand of the people for a full restoration of silver to coinage, and its full investure with all the functions of money.

Mr CHITTENDEN opposed the bill as the most violent and inexcusable assault on the integrity and welfare of the American people ever made in Congress. He proposed to "turn on the light" and expose the covert iniquity and rascality of the measure. He proceeded to criticize and ridicule Mr. De LaMartyr as "the bold and apostle and high priest of the Greenbackers, and as having prayed recently from the clerk's desk that the good Lord would test them all to heaven, and then straightway made a frantic effort from his own seat to make it warm for the "minions and hell-born bondholders." [Laughter.] He was glad to see that "unique quasi divine" in his seat, for he belonged to a class who rarely heard preaching, and who suffered severely for want of it. [Laughter.]

He then proceeded to turn the light on Mr Warner, and said that if that gentleman's speech was right then temperance, industry, frugal living, business tact and accumulation of property were heresy, and devices of thieves and robbers. All that there was in the argument of the gentleman was that profligate and improvident men should by some hocus pocus currency legislation restore their broken fortunes. He admitted that he (Chittenden) spoke as a capitalist. Yes, he was a robber according to Mr. Warner's doctrine. [Loud laughter.] Every industrious and temperate man in the country made money, but it required common sense and tact to save something and be a capitalist. [Laughter.] The doctrine of the gentleman (Warner) was the damdest nonsense. [Shout of laughter.] He declared himself as opposed to bi-metalism out for it never practiced by any nation while the great commercial nations adhered to the old standard, common sense and public policy forced the United States to stay with them or else adopt silver as it only standard. The present coining law, unless modified, would certainly force on this country no exclusive silver standard. He regarded the dishonored and justly imprisoned silver dollar of 412½ grains as the most disgraceful form of political money. It was scorrupt and as corrupting in principle as if it only contained 12½ grains. He asserted that the free coinage bill which passed the House on the 4th of December, 1872, was intended by its authors to drive all the gold out of the country; but that free coinage bill failed and resumption came, to the great and manifest advantage of the whole people. Why should resumption be thrown down remorselessly, now that the monstrous proposition was claimed by its authors and promoters as being in the interest of the people. But he affirmed and could demonstrate that it was the interest of the bullionists and capitalists exclusively.

Mr. WARREN argued that the inconvertible paper money, if carefully limited in amounts, could retain its full face value, and quoted financial writers to sustain that position. The valuation of all property in the country had been changed from paper to gold and silver, but under the existing law, that valuation was now being changed from both metals to gold alone. The pending measure was intended to prevent that.

Without action on the bill the House adjourned.

REPUBLICAN VICTORY.

It is Far Beyond What Was Anticipated by the Most Sanguine.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 7.—Speaking of the elections yesterday, the Journal says: "The result of the elections held in all the towns and cities of Indiana which are organized under the general law, is given in our telegraph and local columns, and is eminently satisfactory. We may say it is a glorious Republican victory along the whole line with the exception of one or two cities, where the result was influenced by local issues.

The Republicans made large gains in the City of Indianapolis. The Republican victory is overwhelming, even so large that it will overcome the margins given by the Democratic legislature in the congressional apportionment. The Republicans elect John C. Shaffer mayor over Buskirk, by 1,500 majority, and elect the whole Republican ticket by unprecedented majorities, and elect four out of the five Aldermen and elect 18 out of the 25 Councilmen. The Sentinel says: 'The City election passed off quietly to-day. The Republicans still have control of the City. Indianapolis by several hundred majority a Republican City and this unfortunate will have to be borne until the Democratic party realize the extent of the calamity, and put forth its energies to change the situation. It is well to remark just here that the results of yesterday's work do not surprise any one, and we doubt if there is a Democrat in the city who anticipated anything different. As a consequence there are no disappointments. The Republican party is solid and confident, and with ample funds drawn from those who reap all of the emoluments of office, were able to enter the campaign with every required appliance calculated to achieve victory, while the Democratic party, realizing that its chances were dubious from the start, have shown little of that aggressive spirit which with a more cheering outlook would have been manifested. The election is without significance."

The Sentinel says nothing of the State excepting in their headlines where they claim "many Republican strongholds captured."

Elections.

RICHMOND, Ind., May 6.—Mayor Bennet and the entire Republican ticket was elected by average majorities of 500, a Republican gain over two years ago. The Council is unchanged.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., May 6—The Republicans will probably elect their entire City ticket. They have one Councilman in the Third Ward and gain one in the Fifth, making the Council stand seven Republicans to five Democrats.

COLUMBUS, Ind., May 6—The Democrats elect all their ticket except Marshal and one Councilman by greatly reduced majorities.

LOGANSPORT, May 6,—The Democrats elect three Councilmen and the Treasurer. The Republicans elect the Mayor and Marshal. The Democrats will have a majority in the Council. A light vote was polled.

MADISON, May 6.—The Republicans elect the Treasurer and three out of the six Councilmen. It is the first time the Republicans ever elected a Treasurer. The majority for Treasurer is 61.

NEW ALBANY, May 6.—The Democrats elect the Mayor, Clerk, Treasurer and Marshal by majorities ranging from 50 to 600. The Republicans elect a majority of the Council.

INDIANAPOLIS May 6.—Official returns from 12 Wards indicate that the Republicans will have a majority of 500 to 1,800, a Republican gain of 500 to 800. The Council stands—Republicans 16, Democrats 9, a Republican gain of three; Andersen—Republicans 4, Democrats 1, a Republican gain of one.

GREEN CASTLE, Ind., May 6—The Republicans elect all the Councilmen.

BLOOMINGTON, Ind., May 6—The Republicans elect their entire ticket by an increased majority.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., May 6—The Democrats elect six of the five Councilmen, a Republican loss of four.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., May 6—The Democrats elected their candidate for Mayor to-day by 400 majority.

TERRE HAUTE, May 7.—In the City election here yesterday, the vote for Mayor was as follows: Havens, Democrat, 2,022; Wildy, Greenbacker, 1,942; Hook, Republican, 920. The Democrats elected the Treasurer, Marshal, Clerk and five Councilmen. The Greenbackers elected one Councilmen. The Republicans elected the Assessor.

How Little Things Affect the Poetic Mind.

Norristown Herald.

Julia A. Moore, the sweet singer of Michigan, was nearly paralyzed with astonishment when recently informed that "eclat" didn't rhyme with "ne ost." She has not sufficiently recovered to finish her half completed poem "On the Birth of a New Spring."

MAID, WIFE OR WIDOW?

A Thrilling Story of English Life.

Showing How Youth Overmatched Cunning.

CHAPTER X.

GREEN ANCHOR LANE.

An hour later than the time which he had been expected, Richard Turlington appeared at the office in the city.

He met before he had all the inquiries which the marked change in him must otherwise have provoked, by announcing that he was ill. Before he proceeded to business, he asked if any body was waiting to see him. One of the servants from Muswell Hill was waiting with another parcel for Miss Lavinia ordered by telegram from the country that morning. Turlington (after ascertaining the servant's name) received the man in his private room. He there heard, for the first time, that Launcelot Lizzie had been lurking in the grounds (exactly as he had supposed) on the day when the lawyer took his instructions for the settlement of the Will.

In two hours more Turlington's work was completed. On leaving the office—as soon as he was out of sight of the door—he turned steward, instead of taking the way that led to his own house in town. Pursuing his course, he entered the labyrinth of streets which led in that quarter of East London, to the unsavory neighborhood on the river-side.

By this time his mind was made up. The forecast shadow of mediated crime traveled before him already, as it threaded his way among his fellowmen.

He had been to the vestry of St. Columb Major, and had satisfied himself that he was misled by no false report. There was the entry in the Marriage Register. The one unexplained mystery was the mystery of Launce's conduct in perplexing Turlington's own account for the proceeding. Turlington could only accept facts as they were, and determine to make the most of his time, while the woman who had deceived him was still under his roof. A hideous expression crossed his face as he realized the idea that he had got her (unprotected by her husband) in his house. "When Launcelot Lizzie *does* come to claim her," he said to himself, "he shall find I have been even with him." He looked at his watch. Was it possible to save the last train and get back to-night? Would she take advantage of his absence to escape? He had little fear of it. She would never have allowed her aunt to send him to Lord Winwood's house, if she had felt the slightest suspicion of his discovering the truth in that quarter. Returning by the first train the next morning, he might feel sure of getting back in time. Meanwhile, he had the hours of the night before him. He could give his mind to the serious question that must be settled before the left London—the question of repaying the forty thousand pounds. There was but one way of getting the money now. Sir Joseph had executed his Will; Sir Joseph's death would leave his sole executor and trustee (the lawyer had said it) master of his fortune. Turlington determined to be master of it four and-twenty hours—striking the blow, without risk of himself, by means of another hand. In the face of the probabilities, in the face of the facts, he had now entirely persuaded himself that Sir Joseph was privy to the fraud that had been practiced on him. The Marriage-Settlement, the Will, the presence of the family at the country house—all these he believed to be so many stratagems invented to keep him deceived until the last moment. The truth was in those words which he had overheard between Sir Joseph and Launce—and in Launce's presence (privately encouraged, no doubt) at Muswell Hill. "Her father shall pay me for it doubly, with his purse and with his life." With that thought in his heart, Richard Turlington wound his way through the streets by the river side, and stopped at a blind alley called Green Anchor Lane, infamous to this day as the chosen resort of most abandoned wretches whom London can produce.

The policeman at the corner cautioned him as he turned into the alley. "They won't hurt me," he answered and walked on to a public-house at the bottom of the lane.

The landlord at the door silently recognized him, and led the way in. They crossed a room filled with sailors of all nations drinking; ascended a staircase at the back of the house, and stopped at the door of the room on the second floor. There the landlord spoke for the first time. "He has outrun his allowance, sir, as usual. You will find him with hardly a rag on his back. I doubt if he will last much longer. He had another fit of the horrors last night, and the doctor thinks badly of him." With that encouragement he opened the door, and Turlington entered the room.

On the miserable bed lay a gray headed old man of gigantic stature, with nothing on him but a ragged shirt and a pair of patched, filthy trowsers. At the side of the bed, with a bottle of gin on the rickety table between them, sat two hideous, leering, painted monsters, wearing the dress of women. The smell of opium was in the room, as well as the smell of spirits. At Turlington's appearance, the old man rose on the bed and welcomed him with greedy eyes and outstretched hand.

"Money, master!" he called out hoarsely. "A crown piece in advance, for the sake of old times!"

Turlington turned to the woman without answering, purse in hand.

"His clothes are at the pawnbroker's, of course. How much?"

"Thirty shillings."

"Bring them here, and be quick about it. You will find it worth your while when you come back."

The woman took the pawnbroker's tickets of the man's trowsers and hurried out.

Turlington closed the door, and seated himself by the bedside. He laid his hand familiarly on the giant's mighty shoulder, looked him full in the face, and said, in a whisper,

"Thomas Wildfang!"

The man started, and drew his huge hairy hand across his eyes, as if in doubt whether he was waking or sleeping.

"It's better than ten years, master, since you called me by my name. If I am Thomas Wildfang, what are you?"

"Your captain, once more."

Thomas Wildfang sat up on the side of the bed, and spoke his next words cautiously in Turlington's ear.

"Another man in the way?"

"Yes."

The giant shook his bald bestial head dolefully. "Too late. I'm past the job. Look here."

He held up his hand, and showed it trembling incessantly. "I'm a shaken old man," he said, and let his hand drop heavily again on the bed beside him.

Turlington looked at the door, and whispered back.

"The man is as old as you are. And the money is worth having."

"How much?"

"A hundred pounds."

The eyes of Thomas Wildfang fastened greedily on Turlington's face. "Lost's hear," he said. "Softly, captain. Lost's hear."

* * * * * *

When the women came back with the clothes, Turlington had left the room. Their promised reward lay waiting for them on the table, and Thomas Wildfang was eager to dress himself and be gone. They could get but one answer from him to every question they put. He had business in hand, which was not to be delayed. They would see him again in a day or two, with money in his purse. With that assurance he took his cudgel from the corner of the room, and stalked out swiftly by the back door of the house into the night.

CHAPTER XI.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.

The evening was chilly, but not cold for the time of year. There was

News of the Week.

THE CAPITAL

At Washington May 6, the Cabinet at its meeting was mostly occupied with consideration of the threatened invasion of the Indian Territory by squatters. The Attorney General gave a verbal opinion that under the treaties of 1866 with the Creeks and Seminoles, by which these lands were surrendered in consequence of a desire on the part of the Government "to locate civilized Indians and freedmen thereon," the lands were not open to white settlers. Considerable time was spent in discussing the authority to use the military to prevent invasion under the recent restrictive legislation of Congress. It was, however, agreed that the law authorizing the Superintendent of Indian Affairs to call upon the military to assist him in ejecting intruders was unimpaired, and that a very general request or that purpose would be sufficient authority for military intervention, and that every effort should be put forth to prevent squatters from obtaining a permanent foothold there.

The reported discovery of silver mines was wholly discredited, it being regarded as a canard to aid the scheme of invasion. The latest reports indicate that in view of the active measures taken by the Government the squatters will not attempt to go into the Territory in a body, but will break up into small squads and cross the line at various points. The point of destination is the lands lying north and south of the North Fork Canadian, near the center of the Territory. Carpenter, who was to have led the expedition, is reported to have gone North.

At Washington May 9, the Senate Committee on Epidemic Diseases agreed upon an amendment, in the nature of a substitute, for the bill recently committed to them concerning the National Board of Health and proposed establishment of National quarantine regulations. The amendments confine the requirements of the bill to vessels coming from foreign ports where any contagious or infectious disease exists (instead of referring, as in the original bill, to vessels coming from any foreign port), and provide that quarantine regulations framed by the National Board of Health shall, as far as possible, be merely supplemental to the regulations established by the State and municipal authorities, and be confided to them for enforcement if they will so undertake, but in case of refusal or failure, the President may detail an officer for that purpose. The section of the bill explicitly providing authority for the Board of Health to establish quarantine stations on railroads or river lines of inter-State Commerce, and to detain goods and passengers for disinfection is stricken out. The sections authorizing the same body to investigate the general subject of cattle diseases, and to cause inspections to be made of all animals arriving at or exported from different shipping ports in the United States are also omitted from the amended measure, and the amount of appropriation asked by the original bill for expenditure by the National Board of Health in carrying out its provisions is reduced from $500,000 to $300,000.

At Washington May 13, at a Cabinet meeting the subject of double standard was discussed at considerable length in connection with the more recently expressed views of European Nations on the subject, and it was understood that Secretary Evarts would prepare correspondence with foreign Governments looking to such negotiations for the adoption of a double standard.

EAST.

At Philadelphia May 9, the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania decided the second suit growing out of the ejectment of Gen. H. G. Stuart, by the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian church, for hymn singing and communing with other Evangelical churches. The decision sustained Stuart and his friends; at the same time condemning the action of the synod and continues the Rev. Dr. Sterritt and the Second Reformed Presbyterian Congregation in undisputed possession of their property which has been in litigation for the past 10 years.

Near Pittston Pa. Mountain fires are raging hereabouts, and unless there is rain speedily the destruction of property will be enormous. A large amount of lumber and railroad ties have already been burned. The powder mills are threatened, and workmen are out fighting the flames.

There is a report that Edison has been quietly perfecting a telephone which surpasses all the instruments now in use. He has discovered that chalk possesses wonderful powers of transmitting sound.

WEST.

At Chicago the Socialist leaders assert that they, with the trades Unions, are organizing a strike to begin July 5th and to be general throughout the country. They will demand the universal adoption of the eight hour system and will settle matter of wages after their demands on this point are decided to. This strike has been decided on in their privy Councils, but is not secret. Their purpose is political in its aims and the purpose of the workmen is to secure better wages.

It is said that the President regards with great solicitude the situation of affairs in Indian Territory. High Army officers, however, agreeing with Gen. Sheridan, anticipate no difficulty in executing the orders of the War Department. The military force for service has been increased.

At San Francisco May 7, was the election on the question of the adoption of the new Constitution, the Stock Exchange, banks and public offices will be closed and business generally suspended. The campaign has been conducted with unusual vigor on both sides, and in no previous election has so great and universal an interest been exhibited. Crowded public meetings have been held every night for weeks through out the State, and an unprecedented amount of public arguments have been and, throughout the City during all hours of the day and night where knots of men are gathered, the invariable topic of conversation being the new constitution. Speaking in a general way, the business classes are solid against its adoption. The Workingmen's party advocate it as a party measure, and the agricultural class is divided. Both parties express confidence in carrying the day. The vote is likely to be unusually heavy. The registration in the City exceeds 47,000, and it is believed upwards of 49,000 votes will be polled. The registration list has been rigidly revised and every precaution taken to prevent fraudulent voting. Ample preparation has also been made to secure good order.

SOUTH.

At Richmond May 10, the Circuit Court gave a decision in favor of the defendants in the long pending suit of Virginia against Gen. Bradley T. Johnson and Messrs. Poe, of Baltimore, to set aside certain contracts made by the Board of Public Works in 1867 and the settlements made in 1875 with them concerning the State's interest in the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal Company.

At Wilmington N. C., May 9, being memorial day business was almost entirely suspended. In the afternoon Oakdale Cemetery was visited by the local military, fire companies, and other civic organizations, and a large number of citizens, where the graves of the Confederate dead were decorated with flowers. A salute was fired by the Cape Fear artillery. An oration was delivered by Capt. J. H. Manlit, of the Confederate steamer "Florida."

Capt. Boyton's journey to New Orleans was comfortable until after he left Vicksburg, when in the night he was attacked by malarial fever, that horribly raked his bones. He got relief by taking 80 grains of quinine at one dose.

FOREIGN.

Great Britain.

At London May 8, In the House of Commons Lord George F. Hamilton, the Vice President of the Council, stated that swine from Philadelphia having been discovered suffering from the trichina worm, an order in Council would be issued enacting that swine from the United States must be slaughtered at the port of landing. The order will take effect the 1st of June.

The Emperor of Austria has consented to arbitrate between Great Britain and Nicaragua respecting the differences arising out of a treaty of friendship, commerce, and navigation.

At London May 12, a dispatch from Simla says intelligence from Turkestan represents that the Chinese troops have been twice successfully attacked by the Kenjiz tribes from Andijan district, who now hold Kashgar. A Chinese army of 20,000 men is concentrated on Eelee River.

Germany.

At Berlin, May 7, in the tariff debate in the Reichstag Herr Lasker accused Bismarck of fomenting agrarian agitation. An angry scene ensued. Bismarck declared that Deputies should mutually respect the laws of politeness. He said he merely wished to restore the Zollverein, and must for this reason remodel the railway goods tariff which was unduly favorable to foreign products. He still adhered to the whole of his program. Dr. Firkenbeck, President of the Chamber, ruled that Lasker's attack on Bismarck was severe but not insulting. Bismarck refused to retract his remarks, and quitted the house.

France.

At Paris May 10, A delegation from the French Committee to promote the France American treaty of Commerce, waited on Tirad, Minister of Commerce, and called his attention to Fernando Wood's motion in the United States House of Representatives, relative to commercial relations. M. Tirard received the delegation cordially. He stated he was in favor of a reciprocity treaty, and his department would give the matter most serious consideration.

Russia.

A dispatch says Private accounts from Russia represent the situation all over that country as beyond description, and that the tendency of the so-called repressive measures is towards revolution rather than peace, as the present annoyances and outrageous oppression of all classes of the population are rapidly spreading the feeling that anything is preferable to the existing state of affairs. The government is really playing the game of the Nihilists instead of crushing out the spirit of discontent in the empire.

A dispatch says the Czar, in a letter brought by Gen. Obrutochefi, declares his firm resolve to execute the provisions of the treaty, but thinks that the Turks should refrain from garrisoning the Balkans, for a fear though they might garrison Bourgas. The Russian occupation of Bulgaria is likely to be completed by the third of July.

A St. Petersburg correspondent states that the revolutionary newspaper, Land and Liberty is still being circulated clandestinely. The last number issued on the morning of Dubrouvin's execution, contained an article against the Czar.

Africa.

It is now said the dispatch from Lahore, announcing that the Ameer of Afghanistan had accepted all the British proposals, is certainly premature and probably entirely wrong. A dispatch from Simla says the visits exchanged between Gen. Brown, Maj. Cavagneri and Yakoub Khan have been thus far entirely ceremonial and preliminary to negotiations. The Times says the Government has no intention of dissolving Parliament this year.

GEN. McPHERSON'S DEATH.

Another Account of It.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In your last week's issue was a statement by an Iowa soldier as to Gen. McPherson's death. I was a prisoner of war with McPherson's orderly, George Thompson, of Brown County, O. I once asked him if the General was not surprised, and the Rebel movement in that direction unexpected. He stated that Gen. McPherson was in his tent when the firing began in the rear, and as it grew heavier he ordered his horse, mounted and followed a road "through the woods, and ran into the Rebel lines. When he saw who they were, he turned his horse to ride back, and perhaps 200 shots were fired at him and the orderly. The orderly's horse was shot, and plunged, throwing its rider against a tree and knocking him senseless for a few minutes. He said that when he recovered and ran to where the General lay, the Rebels were robbing him. He asked him:

"Gen. McPherson are you much hurt?"

He replied, "O, orderly, I am—" These were his last words. The Rebels were surprised to learn that it was Gen. McPherson, and I think the Rebel officer had most of the effects returned.

Gen. E. K. Scott, our brigade commander, took breakfast with William Fulton and I the next morning. He told me that he rode out in front, supposing that his old regiment, the 68th O. V. I., was out there, but we since learned that Major Wells had stolen it out by winding down the ravine. Gen. Scott said that the carnage was dreadful in the woods where he was taken. Whole companies of Rebels were shot down in heaps. No enemy was in sight until he got well out when the Johnnies rose up in his front and rear. Had I been a good shot Gen. Scott would have been killed, as he was surrounded by Rebels, all as cool as he was, and I, supposing him to be a Rebel General, pointed sway at him, but missed my mark. I failed to tell him this, next morning. He stated that they treated him with great respect, and put him in charge of a trusty guard who would not allow him to be robbed of anything.

One thing I would like to know, and if the young officer should see my inquiry and answer it, I would be much obliged. Late in the afternoon of the 22d a regiment of the Rebel regiment occupied a part of our works with two stands of colors on the extreme south, were the artillery stood in the morning. The young Lieutenant said that 20 men would charge with him we would take the colors. We got 20 volunteers and made the charge, killing some of the Rebels, capturing some, and driving the rest off. These latter managed to get away with most of the colors. The young Lieutenant got hold of one of the flags, but the Rebels tore it in two, leaving part in his hand. This charge was very important to me, as we recaptured my brother.

After my capture I was taken to Andersonville, and was released from there April 15, 1865.

Lieut of Co. F., 20th, O. V. V. I.

Botkin, O., April 20.

Gen. McPherson's Death.

To the Editor of the Blade:

Your "Andersonville" is an entire success, and is read with great avidity by all those who were connected with or interested in the Federal cause. In your issue of March 27th, one of Ohio's Veterans has given a description of the battle of July 22d, before Atlanta, in which Gen. McPherson lost his life. So far as it goes it is quite accurate, but it leaves the reader under the impression that at the time of his death the General was entirely alone, which is a great mistake, Capt. Howard, Chief Signal Officer for Sherman's Army, Lieut. Sherfy and myself, his subordinates, with more than a dozen orderlies, were with him at the time. I was the third man from him, and saw him when the fatal shot was fired. He was riding very rapidly over an old disused road, through thick timber and considerable underbrush, when, as we were emerging from it, we came obliquely upon a heavy line of advancing Rebel skirmishers. The man who hailed the General and fired at him as he wheeled his horse to escape, was scarcely three paces from him, he stepped from behind a large tree into the road, almost directly in front of the General's horse. The cry of "halt, there, halt," sharp and impressive, is as plainly impressed upon my memory as though it was an occurrence of yesterday, instead of 15 years ago. Whether the General's horse wheeled from fright, or was turned by his rider, I am not able to say, but when the shot was fired he was standing on his hind feet, and nearly at right angles with the roads, in the act of plunging into the brush to the right.

W. W. Allen.

Del Norte, Col., April 16, 1879.

Factory Facts.

Close confinement, careful attention to all factory work, gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetites, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidneys and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicines in the world cannot help them unless they get out of doors or use Hop Bitters, made of the purest and best remedies, and especially for such cases having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. None need suffer if they will use them freely. They cost but a trifle. See another column.

ANOTHER VETO.

The President Expresses His Disapproval of the New Army Bill.

Washington, May 12—The following is the message of the President of the United States returning to the House of Representatives the bill entitled "An act to prohibit military interference at Elections:"

To the House of Representatives:

After a careful consideration of the bill entitled "An act to prohibit military interference at Elections," I return it to the House of Representatives in which it originated, with the following objections to its approval:

In a communication sent to the House of Representatives the 29th of last month returning to the House without my approval, the bill entitled "an act making appropriations for the support of the army for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1880, and for other purposes," I endeavored to show by quotations from the statutes of the United States now in force, and by a brief statement of facts in regard to recent elections in several States, that no additional legislation was necessary to prevent interference with elections by military or naval forces of the United States. The fact was presented in that communication, that at the time of the passage of the act of June 18, 1878, in relation to employment of the army as a *posse comitatus* or otherwise, it was maintained by leading minds that it would establish a vital and fundamental principle, which would secure to the people protection against a standing army. The fact was also referred to that since the passage of this act Congressional, State and municipal elections have been held throughout the Union and that in no instance has complaint been made of the presence of United States soldiers at the polls. Holding as I do the opinion that any military interference whatever at the polls is contrary to the spirit of our institutions and would tend to destroy freedom of elections, and sincerely desiring to concur with Congress in all its measures, it is with very great regret that I am forced to the conclusion that the bill before me is not only unnecessary to prevent such interference, but is a dangerous departure from long settled and important Constitutional principles. The true rule as to the employment of military force at elections is not doubtful. No intimidation or coercion should be allowed to control or influence citizens in the exercise of their right to vote, whether it appears in the shape of a combination of evil-disposed persons, or of armed bodies of militia of a State, or of the military force of the United States. The elections should be free from all forcible interference and, as far as practicable, from all apprehension of such interference.

No soldiers, either of the Union or of the State militia should be present at the polls to take the place or to perform the duties of the ordinary civil police force. There has been and will be no violation of this rule under orders from me during this administration, but there should be no denial of the right of the National Government to employ its military force on any day and at any place in case such employment is necessary to enforce the Constitution and laws of the United States. The bill before me is as follows:

"Be it enacted etc., That it shall not be lawful to bring to or employ at any place where a general or special election is being held in a State, any part of the army or navy of the United States unless such force be necessary to repel armed enemies of the United States or to enforce section four article four of the Constitution of the United States, and laws made in pursuance thereof on application of the Legislature or Executive of the State where such force is to be used, and so much of all laws as is inconsistent herewith is hereby repealed."

It will be observed that the bill exempts from the general prohibition against the employment of military forces at the polls two specified cases. These exceptions recognize and concede the soundness of the principle that military force may properly and constitutionally be used at the place of election, when such force is necessary to enforce the Constitution and laws, but excepted cases leave the prohibition so extensive and far reaching that its adoption will seriously impair the efficiency of the Executive Department of the Government. The first act expressly authorizing the use of military power to execute the laws was passed, almost as early as the organization of the Government under the Constitution, and was approved by Pres. Washington, May 2, 1792. It is as follows:

"Sec. 2. And be it further enacted that whenever the laws of the United States shall be opposed or the execution thereof obstructed in any State by a combination too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings or by powers vested in the Marshals by this act, the same being certified to the President of the United States by an Associate Justice or District Judge, it shall be lawful for the President of the United States to call forth the militia of such State to suppress such combinations and to cause the laws to be duly executed, and if the militia of a State where such combinations may happen, shall refuse or be insufficient to suppress the same, it shall be lawful for the President, if the Legislature of the United States be not in session, to call forth and employ such numbers of the militia of any other States or States most convenient thereto as may be necessary, and the use of the militia so to be called forth, may be continued, if necessary, until the expiration of 30 days after the commencement of the ensuing session.

In 1795 this provision was substantially re-enacted in a law which repealed the act of 1792. In 1807, the following act became the law by the approval of President Jefferson: "That in all cases of insurrection or obstruction to the laws either of the United States or of any individual State or Territory, where it is lawful for the President of the United States to call forth the militia for the purpose of suppressing such insurrection or of causing the laws to be duly executed, it shall be lawful for him to employ for the same purposes such part of the land or naval force of the United States as shall be judged necessary, having first observed all the pre-requisites of the law in that respect." By this act it will be seen that the scope of the law of 1795 was extended so as to authorize the National Government to use not only the militia, but the army and navy of the United States, in causing the laws to be duly executed. This important provision of the acts of 1792 1795 and 1807, modified in its terms from time to time so as to put it on existing emergency, remained in force until by an act approved by Pres. Lincoln, July 29, 1861, it was re-enacted substantially in the same language in which it is now found in the revised statues viz: "Sec. 5,298. Whenever, by reason of unlawful obstructions, combinations, or assemblages of persons or rebellion against the authority of the Government of the United States it shall become impracticable, in the judgment of the President to enforce by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, the laws of the United States within any State or Territory, it shall be lawful for the President to call forth the militia of any or all States, and to employ such parts of the land and naval forces of the United States as he may deem necessary, to enforce the faithful execution of the laws of the United States, or to suppress such rebellion in whatever State or Territory thereof. The laws of the United States may be forcibly opposed or the execution thereof forcibly obstructed." This ancient and fundamental law has been in force from the foundation of the Government. It is now proposed to abrogate it on certain days, and at certain places. In my judgment no fact has been produced which tends to show that it ought to be repealed or suspended for a single hour at any place in any of the States or Territories of the Union. All the teachings of experience in the course of our history are in favor of sustaining its efficacy unimpaired.

On every occasion when the supremacy of the Constitution has been resisted and the perpetuity of our institutions imperilled, the principles of this statute enacted by the fathers have enabled the Government of the Union to maintain its authority and to preserve the integrity of the Nation at the most critical periods of our history. My predecessors in the Executive office have relied on this great principle. It was on this principle that Pres. Washington suppressed the rebellion in Pennsylvania, in 1794. In 1806, on the same principle, Pres. Jefferson broke up the Burr conspiracy by issuing orders for the employment of such force, either of the regular or of the militia, and by such proceedings of the civil authorities as might enable them to suppress effectually the further progress of the enterprise.

It was under the same authority that Pres. Jackson crushed nullification in South Carolina, and that Pres. Lincoln issued his call for troops to save the Union in 1861. On numerous other occasions of less significance, under probably every administration, and certainly under the present, this power has been usefully exerted to enforce the laws without objection by any party in the country, and almost without attracting public attention. The great elementary constitutional principle which was the foundation of the original statute of 1792 and which has been its essence in the various forms it has assumed since its first adoption, is that the General Government of the United States possesses under the Constitution in full measure the power of self-protection by its own agencies altogether independent of State authority and need be against the hostility of State Governments. It should remain embodied in our statutes unimpaired, as it has been from the very origin of the Government. It should be regarded as hardly less valuable or less sacred than the provision of the Constitution itself. There are many other important statutes containing provisions that are liable to be suspended or annulled at the time and places of holding elections, if the bill before me should become a law. I do not undertake to furnish a list of them. Many of them, perhaps most of them, have been such for in the debates on this measure. They relate to extradition, to crimes against the election laws, to quarantine regulations, to neutrality, to Indian reservations, to civil rights of citizens, and to other subjects in regard to them all. It may be safely said that the meaning and effect of this bill is to take from the General Government an important part of its power to enforce the laws. Another grave objection to the bill is its discrimination in favor of the State and against National authority. The presence or employment of the army or navy of the United States is lawful under the terms of this bill at the place where an election is being held in a State, to uphold the authority of a State Government then and there in need of such military intervention, but unlawful to uphold the authority of the Government of the United States then and there in need of such military intervention. Under this bill the presence and employment of the army and navy of the United States would be lawful and might be necessary to maintain the conduct of a State election against the domestic violence that would overthrow it, but would be unlawful to maintain the conduct of a National election against the same local violence that would overthrow it.

This discrimination has never been attempted in any previous legislation by Congress, and is no more compatible with the sound principles of the Constitution or the necessary maxims and methods of our system of Government on occasion of elections than at other times. In the early legislation of 1792 and of 1795, by which the militia of the States was the only military power resorted to for the execution of unlawful combinations in support of the State or National authority, both functions of the Government were put upon same footing. By the act of 1807 the employment of the army and navy was authorized for the performance of both constitutional duties in the same terms. In all later statutes on the same subject matter, some measure of authority to the Government has been accorded for the performance of both these duties.

No precedent has found in any previous legislation and no sufficient reasons have been given for the discrimination in favor of the State and against the National authority which this bill contains. Under the sweeping terms of the bill the National Government is effectually shut out from the exercise of the right and from the discharge of the imperative duty to use its whole executive power whenever and wherever required for the enforcement at places and times where and when its elections are held, the employment of its organized armed forces for any such purposes, would be an offense against the law, unless called for it, and therefore upon, permission of the authorities of the States in which the occurrence arises. What is left but the substitution of the discretion of the States' Governments for the discretion of the Government of the United States as to the performance of its own duties? In my judgment this is an abandonment of its obligations by the National Government, a subordination of National authority, and an intrusion of State supervision over National duties, which amounts in spirit and tendency to State supremacy. Although I believe that the existing statutes are abundantly adequate to completely prevent military interference with the elections in the sense in which the phrase is used, in the title of this bill, and is employed by the people of this country, I shall find no difficulty in concurring in any additional legislation limited to that object, which does not interfere with the indispensable exercise of the powers of the Government and the Constitution and laws.

Rutherford B. Hayes.

Executive Mansion, May 12, 1879.

REFUNDING OPERATIONS.

A Full Statement of Them Since March, 1877, Made by the Treasury Department.

Washington, May 11.—The following statement of funding operations since March 1, 1877, has been issued by the Treasury Department:

Amount of 4½ per cent. bonds sold in 1877, from March 1, for refunding	$ 95,000,000
Annual interest saved	1,425,000
Amount 4 per cent. bonds sold in 1877 for refunding	50,000,000
Annual interest saved	1,000,000
Amount 4 per cent. bonds sold in 18.8 for refunding 5-20s	90,000,000
Annual interest saved	1,800,000
Amount 4 per cent. bonds sold in 1879 for refunding 5-20s	272,230,450
Annual interest saved	7,765,818
Amount for refunding 10-40s	124,583,300
Amount interest saved	1,915,800
Amount of refunding 6 per cent. loan of 1881	260,000
Annual interest saved	2,600
Total amount bonds sold since March 1, 1877, for refunding purposes	$812,093,750
Total amount interest saved	15,608,651

THE A. M. E.

The Delegates to the Conference Call on the President.

Washington, May 10—The delegates to the A. M. E Conference called on the President to-day. Rev. James H. A. Johnson read the address of the Conference to the President. It sets forth that the call was made to pay homage to a justly elected and constitutionally installed President of the United States; a President *de facto* and *de jure*, who shaped his course, not for the interest of any party, but for the interest of the whole country. All could say without respect to any birth or race, that "You are our President." The President had been pursuing a course to conciliate and pacify all. He had given the olive branch to the North to the East, to the West and to the south. The people knew he meant to harmonize all. This was also known to the President's "Illustrious Cabinet." It was evident that the President's policy but been party subordination to National supremacy. His faith had been tried and his course was not without troubles." We call to let you know that the colored people have the hope that you will prosper in your course and continue to rule as well in future." The President replied, "I am very glad to see this large assembly, representing so many Christian citizens of the United States. The sentiments which you have been pleased to express and read to me are I assure you, very gratifying. I am glad you feel in this matter as you have expressed yourselves. I am confident that the great body of all citizens concur with you. I would be greatly disappointed to learn otherwise. I am glad to make your acquaintance, and will be happy to be introduced to each of you. I only regret that my opportunity of making your better acquaintance is necessarily limited."

The delegates were then introduced to the President, and after shaking hands retired.

CALIFORNIA'S CONSTITUTION

The Provisions Relating to Stock Gambling and Land Taxation Eminently Wholesome—Some Defects Which Time and Practical Experience Can Readily Remedy.

Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.

San Francisco, May 9—Now that the new Constitution of California has been voted and adopted after a heated, bitter and angry contest, the situation as it appears to me is not such as to bear out the many predictions of calamity that have been expressed by the opponents of the measure. In my judgment the new Constitution will neither do as much mischief as its opponents proclaimed, nor confer as great benefits as its champions assert. It will not impoverish one half the people, nor enrich the other. It will not confer wealth without labor and saving, nor strip honest men of their property, no matter how rich. It will not drive present capital out of the State, nor prevent new capital from coming into it. It may hinder and embarrass

MINING STOCK GAMBLING,

but to the extent it does it will be a public blessing, for stock gambling is the curse of the State. It has ruined tens of thousands in purse and morals. It demoralizes everything within its reach, and renders all forms of productive and honest industry distasteful and irksome, and simplicity of life impossible. It has enabled a few men to amass vast fortunes by swindling and overreaching the masses. The only fear is, that the new Constitution will not root out these robber-dens and purge the State of their accursed presence.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Kearney and his hoodlum sand lotters carried the new Constitution, although they all voted for it under the idea that it would confiscate or extirpate capital.

IT WAS THE FARMERS

who carried it. They cast more than two-thirds of the votes it received. The cities and towns nearly all gave majorities against it, while the rural districts voted nearly solid for it. What moved the farmers to support it almost *en masse* was, first, the provision taxing unimproved lands as highly per acre as improved lands of similar fertility and situation, the object being to compel the land monopolists and holders of the vast Spanish grants to break them up into small parcels and offer them for sale to poor men and small capitalists for actual cultivation. It is intended, by the weight of taxation, to

FORCE THE MONOPOLISTS TO SELL OUT.

Fifty thousand farmers only own 6,000,000 acres, while 5,000 ranchmen hold 50,000,000 acres, which, being unimproved, almost escape taxation.

Second, the sections that provide for the election of three State Commissioners, armed with full power to fix and determine the rates of freight and fare that may hereafter be charged by the Central Railroad Company, or other roads, if there ever be any in California. This single provision determined the farmers and many of the merchants to support the new Constitution in despite of all the objections urged against it. It is alleged that the Railroad Company charge twice to thrice as much as in the Eastern States. The freight tariff has produced a degree of

DISCONTENT AND EXASPERATION

among the agricultural classes bordering on violent open resistance. They rushed for relief to the State Commission provision, which allows of no appeal or judicial interference with the scale of rates to be established by the Board.

THE WAR ON CAPITAL.

The sections taxing credits and deposits and discriminating against capital caused most of the opposition to the new Constitution. If those Communistic features had been omitted it would have carried by 100,000 instead of 10,000 majority, and if they had been separately submitted they would have been voted down by enormous majorities. They will probably be stricken out hereafter by amendments, or rendered nugatory by legislation or the lack of it. Provision is made in the instrument for quick and easy amendment, and it is believed that several amendments will be submitted by the first Legislature under it, to remove the more obnoxious and injurious sections. Many provisions are COPIED FROM THE ILLINOIS CONSTITUTION;

notably those against special legislation the right to amend or repeal charters or franchises, and the restriction on omnibus legislation and rushing bills through unprinted and in the dark. In these respects the old constitution is like the old Illinois instrument. The Governor is given more power and a stronger veto, and may veto any items of appropriation bills.

The general business prostration in the State and the hard times so severely felt are ascribed to monopolists and rings, by which the big fish devour the small ones. Great corruption in official life, resulting in excessive taxation, extravagant appropriations, outside payments, and defalcations, have intensified Republican discontent and strengthened the desire for a change of the fundamental law, and a new deal all round.

THE NEXT STATE ELECTION,

will be an exciting one, as it creates a Legislature to frame laws to carry the new organic instrument into practical effect, creating courts to expound the laws and executive officers to enforce them.

The Board of Railroad Commissioners to fix freights and fares will engross much public attention.

California politics for the next twelve months will be exciting, and old party lines will, in great measure, be discarded and lost sight of.

J. Medill.

THE COLORED REFUGEES.

What Ought to be Done for the Assistance of Those Who Are Striving to Get North.

St. Louis, May 13—It has been decided by the Colored Refugee Relief Board of this city to send Rev. John Turner, a colored member and officer of the Board East, to present to the people of that section all of the facts so far known relating to the negro exodus, with a view of enlisting their sympathy and co operation in behalf of the refugees.

The Board at its meeting last night adopted a resolution stating that to have received information from the accredited agents and also from public officers in Kansas that all refugees who have gone or been sent there found work at high wages.

Gen. Conway denies being in favor encouraging emigration from the South. He does not believe in urging negroes to leave their homes or later, but he says that those who have already left their places or plantations and are on the river banks awaiting transportation North should not only be permitted to come, but should be brought up by any available means. He says if the project of chartering steamers to bring them from their camps is carried out, the vessels will probably be obtained and outfitted on the Ohio River, where there are plenty of friends of the movement and abundance of funds to further the plan. He claims to be backed by a number of very wealthy philanthropists in the East, and says that there will be no lack of money to carry out any scheme to aid refugees which may be agreed upon. Nothing will be done towards bringing refugees up the river until the Quaker gentlemen who left here yesterday have reported the condition which they find negros in at the points they intend to visit.

NATIONAL MILLERS' ASSOCIATION.

It Assembles in Chicago, the Members Present Numbering 600.

Chicago, May 13.—The sixth annual Convention of the National Millers' Association met at the Grand Pacific Hotel to-day, 600 of the 900 members being present. Asa Dow, President of the Chicago Board of Trade, and Mayor Harrison made welcome addresses. The President, George Bain, responded, and delivered the annual address. His principal recommendations are that the Association be organized as a corporation on a legal basis for the purpose of carrying out suits regarding patents, that Assistant Attorney be appointed to look to the interests of the Association as against the encroachments of patentees; that the abuses attending to their efforts against impositions of the Cochran patent should them to urge an uncompromising warfare against the Danchfield patentees.

LINES.

TO THE FIRST FAT C * 1879.

Hawkeye.

Dance on my nose with your tickling feet,
Blue bottle fly!
Sing in my ears with your buzz to greet
Me, as I lie.
You will seek me out in my dark retreat,
With an eager zeal that no screen can beat,
And I try and slap you clear into the sweet,
Sweet bye and bye.

I haven't seen you since seventy-eight,
Little house fly;
And I see you now with the bitterest hate
You can defy.
Oh, how I hate you, nobody knows,
Author of half of my Summer woes;
Oh, how I prayed that you might be froze,
Villainous fly!

All through the Winter you did not freeze,
Not much, fly! Any Ans.
Now all the Summer you'll do as you please.
That is your plan.
When in the warm afternoons we would sleep,
Near us your wakeful visits you'll keep,
Precious is sleeping, but waking is cheap,
Sleep, man, if you can.

Oh, how I wish that my two broad hands,
Spread left and right,
Stretched from the poles to Equator's bands,
Giants of might;
Some Summer day my wrath I would rise,
Sweeping all space with my hands or size,
And smash all the uncounted millions of flies
Clear out of sight.

Vain are my wishes, oh, little house fly!
You're hard to mash:
Strong men may swear and women may cry,
Teething their gnash;
But into the house your friends you'll lug:
You'll bathe your feet in the syrup jug,
And your cares you'll drown in the baby's mug,
Cheeky and brash.

Still, precious lessons, dear little house fly,
You teach to me.
Hated or loved, you tell me that I
Happy may be.
Why should I care, when I tickle a nose,
Whether its owners conduct shows
That he likes it or hates it, just so it goes
Pleasant to me.

*This line should read: "Gnashing their teeth," but a little poetic license was necessary to bring in the rhyme.

A COINCIDENCE.

Chief Justice Prince's Introduction to New Mexico.

Denver Tribune.

A somewhat remarkable story or coincidence came to the writer well vouched for a short time since, which, as the central and somewhat distinguished character in the story is now in Denver for the first time, will be read with interest.

Hon. L. Bradford Prince, a gentleman well and favorably known to New York people, was a few months since appointed to the office of Chief Justice of New Mexico. The Judge has just completed his first rounds of the District Courts for the Santa Fe Circuit, and, as is learned from the Territorial press, with much credit to himself and honor to the Territory. At this writing Judge Prince is registered at the American, and is en route for New York. Now for the coincidence.

After his appointment the new Chief Justice called upon the President, and while there met a young lawyer, who upon being introduced, immediately made bold to know unto him as a former resident of the Territory to which he had been appointed, a daughter of one of his predecessors in office, and who had visited the Territory while holding the office; but did not enter into any of the details as to the death. However, she evinced much enthusiasm over the climate and the agreeable social qualities of the people and of her acquaintances in New Mexico, and expressed a determination to soon return to the Territory on a visit. The Judge quite naturally was much interested in the statements of the young lady, regarded the meeting so fortunate and improved the coincidence so to speak, to inform himself so far as possible of his new and remote field of official labor. The interview, as all interviews do, came to an end, leaving the newly-appointed official very favorably and kindly impressed.

In a few days Judge Prince started for his new home. Passing the Big Muddy he soon found himself seated and in conversation with a gentleman of intelligence of the legal p ofessions from New Mexico. Again he thanked his lucky star and entered spiritedly into conversation and the posting of himself. Conversation lagging in the long stretch over the great plains, the Judge finally related, as above, the coincidence of meeting, as the fact was, the daughter of the late Chief Justice Slough, of New Mexico. After the Judge had finished the story his new-found friend from New Mexico quietly stated that he had known Chief Justice Slough in his life-time quite well—indeed, that he was the identical person who had shot and killed the late Chief Justice.

Judge Slough will be remembered by old Coloradoans as a Colonel of a volunteer regiment that went to New Mexico in 1861 to assist in repelling the rebels from Texas under the command of Sibley, and who in the engagement with the latter at Apache Canon, about 20 miles this side of Santa Fe, routed the rebels, captured and burned their train, and as a consequence forced their retreat from New Mexico. It is due to all parties concerned to state that, while Col. Slough was a brave soldier and an upright Judge, he was exceedingly arbitrary, passionate and overbearing at all times; that it was this trait in his character which brought on the trouble which resulted in his death.

THE BANK OF FRANCE.

Its Business Figures are Overwhelming in Their Magnitude.

Correspondence of Cleveland Leader.

The business transacted by the Bank of France in the course of a year is something overwhelming in the magnitude of its figures. For instance, during 1878, the report that their general business—loans, discounts, advances, etc.—amounted to 9,786,539,700 francs, or about $1,957,307,940! Discounts alone show an increase of 599,990,000 francs, and comprise 3,482,889 distinct bills of exchange for Paris alone, and 3,791,950 for the country branch banks. Allowing 300 actual business days to the year, this would give an average of over 24,000 bills discounted per day—something of a business! The Bank's specie reserve on the 31st of December last was 2,041,700,000 francs—$408,000,000—about five times the amount of coin we have ever had at any one moment in the United States Treasury and its branches. Of this reserve 1,053,100,000 francs were in silver, 963,600,000 in gold. The notes in circulation at the end of January at the time of the annual meeting of the bank's stockholders amounted to 2,220,970,830 francs ($458,194,166), only about $50,000,000 more than the coin in its vaults. The notes which circulate the most extensively are the 100 franc denomination, of which there were then out 5,640,051, being a greater number than the united total of all other denominations in circulation. The net profit of the business for last year amounted to 7,592,249 84,100 francs, enabling the directors to declare an annual dividend of 95 francs per share, or nine and one-half per cent. on the par value. To-day, with a dividend payable on the shares next July, the stock is quoted at 3,020 for 1,000 franc shares.

Those Placards.

New York Times.

The mysterious placards which are now being pasted up by unknown hands in every part of St. Petersburg formed an equal prominent feature of the memorable disturbances which convulsed the capital in the Summer of 1862. Then, as now, seditious notices were plastered on the walls, and seditious phrases scribbled upon the statues and public monuments, night after night, the culprits always escaping detection. In the present case, however, the revolutionists have, fortunately, not had recourse as yet to the weapon which they employed with such formidable effect in 1862, viz., wholesale incendiarism. During the early part of that terrible Summer scarcely a night passed without alarms of fire, often in three or four places at once. One afternoon in July, a man standing on the Admiralty Tower, which commands the whole vista of the magnificent "Nevski Prospect," noticed a thin curl of smoke at the far end of it, and remarked carelessly to his companion: "That must be a fire." It was the beginning of the greatest of them all—the fire which destroyed the splendid square of the Apraxin Dvor, covering 23 acres of ground with smoldering ruins, amid which melted gold and silver were running in streams.

Productive Industry Better Than Politics.

From the Memphis Avalanche.

The South is not making any thing out of politics. Let her try the effect of building a few dozen more cotton mills

Dr. Harter's IRON TONIC

Is a Preparation of IRON and CALISAYA BARK, in combination with the Phosphates,

Endorsed by the Medical Profession, and recommended by them for Dyspepsia, General Debility, Female Diseases, Want of Vitality, &c., &c.

Manufactured by the Dr. Harter Medicine Co., No. 2133 N. Main Street, St. Louis.

The following is one of the very many testimonials we are receiving daily:

Gentlemen:—Some three months ago I began the use of DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC, upon the advice of many friends who knew its virtues. I was suffering from general debility to such an extent that my labor was exceedingly burdensome to me. A vacation of a month did not give me much relief, but on the contrary, was followed by increased prostration and sinking chills. At this time I began the use of your IRON TONIC, from which I realized almost immediate and wonderful results. The old energy returned and I found that my natural force was not permanently abated. I have used three bottles of the TONIC. Since using it I have done twice the labor that I ever did in the same time during my illness, and with double the ease. With the tranquil nerve and vigor of body, has come also a clearness of thought never before enjoyed. If the TONIC has not done the work, I know not what. I give it the credit. Most gratefully yours,

TROY, O., Jan. 2, 1878. J. P. WATSON, Pastor Christian